

The Improvement **ERA**



AUGUST, 1932

VOLUME 35

NUMBER 10

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The Improvement ERA

Vol. 35, No. 10

AUGUST, 1932

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations
and the Department of Education

FORECAST

PROHIBITION

THE subject of prohibition will be discussed in the September number of the *Improvement Era*. Franklin Stewart Harris, president of Brigham Young University, has assembled the opinions of a number of college and university presidents regarding the effect of prohibition upon drinking by college and university students, and C. Frank Stelle, editor of the *Lethbridge Daily Herald*, Lethbridge, Canada, has contributed an article dealing with the Canadian system.

1 1 1

GREATNESS IN MEN

DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN, a member of the general superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A., a member of the Council of the Twelve, will be the subject of the biographical sketch by President Bryant S. Hinckley.

1 1 1

FICTION

THE PURPLE PITCHER," a baseball story, "Heart Strings," the story of a finely strung musician, and "The Miracle," a short short story, will be the September offerings in the field of fiction.

1 1 1

THE COVER

THE cover this month is a canoeing scene on the Echo River at Banff, Alberta, Canada. Mt. Rundle is shown in the background. We hope it will serve as an invitation to go to the woods and mountains. "We've entitled it—"Dreamy Waters."

For Every Member of the Family

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EDITORIAL

Harrison R. Merrill
Managing Editor



Heber J. Grant, Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

The M. I. A. June Conference

DESPITE the wide-spread use of the radio and the newspaper only those who can assemble in the venerable buildings around which cling the memories and the traditions of three-quarters of a century of Latter-day Saint worship can get the full benefit and meaning of a conference such as that which was held in June by the young people of the Church—the Mutual Improvement and the Primary Associations. There is something inspiring about seeing a man and a woman such as Superintendent George Albert Smith and President Ruth May Fox, whose heads have grown gray in the service of the Church, stand before an audience of younger people and declare that they have found complete joy in the service they have given to their fellowmen.

Hardly less inspiring were the youthful faces turned toward the Gospel light not only seeking to know but helping to blaze the way to spirituality and to that abundant living of which the Master so

frequently spoke. Those who had been thrilled by the hopeful spirit of the convention had little difficulty in understanding just what President A. W. Ivins meant when he said that the convention had been like an oasis in the desert to him. Beset by the troubles of those who have lost much or their all in the falling away of profitable business, harried by those who need help, the First Presidency undoubtedly found in the shining faces of the youth of this Church a glorious promise of better days.

The special section meetings as well as the general sessions of the conference were bristling with constructive suggestions for the advancement of culture and spirituality among the people of the Church. Both President Heber J. Grant and Superintendent George Albert Smith pronounced it to be among the best attended conferences in the history of M. I. A. and also one of the most inspiring ever held.

—H. R. M.

What the Organ Sang

ONE of those rare days in June we stepped into the Great Tabernacle along with about a thousand locomotive engineers and their friends to get the message from the tabernacle organ as interpreted by the organist, or, should we say, to get the message of the organist as the organ interpreted it, or would it be still more correct to say to get the message of the masters as the musician and the organ interpreted them?

We felt as we sat under the great pioneer dome that we were receiving the message of God as it was interpreted by the masters, by the huge organ, and its talented player. And, do you know, the old building had much to do with that marvelous interpretation. Personalities, scores of them, perhaps hundreds, had come and gone and had left their messages for us. We fancied that even the men who had made the seats and had hung the chandeliers had contributed a bit to what the organ sang.

The organist's deft fingers given voice by his vibrating soul and the responsive keys passed through four marvelous, but short numbers, and then the old organ as if given voice by Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff and by all the prophets and pioneers past and present burst gloriously into that hymn by John Jaques and George Careless, "Softly Beams The Sacred Dawning."

It had ceased to be merely an organ with a musician at the console.—It was Joseph and Hyrum and Oliver, Sidney, and Martin Harris on the banks of the Susquehanna; it was Brigham Young and

Heber C. Kimball in Nauvoo; it was thousands of saints walking barefoot, pushing carts or riding in prairie schooners across the plains or swinging in an old sailing vessel around the Horn; it was my father and yours and our mothers and grandfathers and in some cases our great grandfathers. It was farmer, mechanic, miner, merchant, missionary all singing—all thrilled by the new vision!

The old organ, the organist, the great tabernacle had given new voices to all of them as they sang now robustly as with feet tramping in unison, now softly as if over prairie graves, but always bravely, hopefully, ecstatically!

"Softly beams the sacred dawning
Of the great Millennial morn,
And to Saints gives welcome warning
That the day is hasting on.

"Splendid, rising o'er the mountains
Glowing with celestial morn,
Streaming from eternal fountains
Rays of living light appear.

Swiftly flee the clouds of darkness,
Speedily the mists retire;
Nature's universal blackness
Is consumed by heavenly fire."

We must go again to hear what the organ is singing. Will you not also go?—H. R. M.

Accepting the Challenge

THE present times are a challenge to organizations of all kinds. The even current of life has been rudely changed until many crafts which were sailing along smoothly now find themselves shipping water and threatened with disaster.

In order to find out how ward leaders of the Church in wards are attempting to meet the problems which unemployment and the depression have faced us with, we selected, more or less at random though we attempted to choose some rural and some town or city wards, twenty bishops to whom we sent a letter of inquiry. Nine have made reply.

These nine wards reported 113 heads of families unemployed, an average of 12 5/9 to the ward. However, one ward reported no unemployment among heads of families; two others reported two each. Two wards reported 30 each. The bishops of the same wards reported 202 young people who ordinarily are gainfully employed in summer, out of work, or an average of 26 5/9 to the ward. One ward reported 50 young people unemployed.

These figures, of course, throw out a challenge to leadership. Here is a great deal of man-power which could be used if only the proper machinery could be set up for using it. Here, also, is the challenge to the Mutual Improvement Associations. They have responded with a new slogan, "We stand for the enrichment of life through constructive use of leisure and personal service to fellow man." But the leisure time phase of the problem is not our chief concern just now.

When these letters were sent out, we were attempting to discover just how our ward leaders are attempting to cope with the problem of food and shelter for those who have no employment. We are happy to report that the bishops are aware of the situation which confronts the membership of their wards and like Christian leaders are making a definite attempt to forecast their problems and to prepare for their solution.

Summer time is the time to store things away. We get that lesson from the ant and the bee and their kind. Then foodstuffs are cheap and easily obtainable especially throughout most of the length and the breadth of Church territory extending through the Rocky Mountain region, and in many other sections of the country where Saints have located together in this country and in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia,

South America, and the islands of the sea.

Fortunately, nature has been lavish this year and foodstuffs are plentiful. We all know, however, that winter follows autumn and that during that period foodstuffs will be hard to obtain with anything other than cash.

Many bishops reported that they have assisted in locating sources of food supplies and have encouraged those who otherwise might be unemployed to work for grain, hay, potatoes, carrots, cattle, sheep, or hogs. Grains and vegetables can be pitted; hogs can be killed and cured; beef and mutton can be bottled or fed until needed. Some are planning to fill a ward storehouse now to be used in emergencies, but they are doing their best to make it possible for their people to earn their own food and shelter. One bishop reports: "We have planted extensive gardens and are using the vacant lots. We are obtaining fruit in season for labor." Another writes: "We have been encouraging our people to plant and cultivate all the ground they can get. They have taken to this suggestion kindly and most of them have good gardens and are raising vegetables that will keep. Now that fruit is coming on we are advising them to put up plenty of it to do them through the winter. There will be some who will not be able to bottle much on account of not having money with which to buy sugar, but we are arranging through our Relief Society and Fast Offering funds to take care of this class. My opinion is that the people of our ward will be better prepared with food this next winter than they were last."

It is refreshing to know that in every ward of the Church there is at least one man to whom the unemployed may go and be certain of finding sympathy and help. If those who have plenty of foodstuffs and need to hire men will remember their neighbors first and will give them an opportunity to work for produce if not for cash, and if those who are unemployed will consider the present an emergency, there is no reason why there should be dearth in any home next winter.

Our inquiry was not intended as a survey. We merely thought that what a few bishops are doing might be an indication, in general, of what all are doing. It is to be hoped that all are taking advantage of the summer months to prepare for winter emergencies.—H. R. M.

Why Not Shoot?—Contest Announcement

THE Improvement Era is offering cash prizes for the best photographs taken by amateurs between July 1 and October 1, 1932. Pictures may be of any subject—scenery, animals, children, adults, oddities. Picture interest only will count.

RULES

1. Anybody except those who make a livelihood from photography is eligible to submit pictures.

2. All pictures must be finished on glossy paper, black and white, and must be mailed flat—not rolled—on or before twelve o'clock, midnight, October 1.

3. Pictures may be of any size; size will not count.

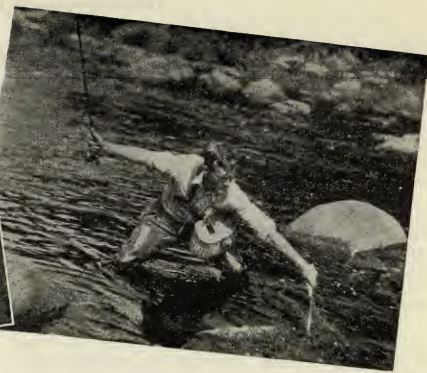
4. Prizes will be awarded as follows: Five dollars, first; three dollars, second; two dollars, third; and one dollar each for all other pictures used in the Improvement Era.

5. No pictures will be returned unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed container.

6. Each picture must have on the reverse side the name and address of the one submitting it.

7. Judges of the contest shall be George Midgley, Dr. Hopkins, and Walter P. Cottam.

8. Address all photographs to Photograph Contest Editor, The Improvement Era, Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.



Camper's Supper

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

BACON sizzlin' in the pan,
Biscuits well nigh done!
Eggs a-sputterin' like mad
Or maybe just in fun!
Water boilin' in the pot,
Yellow-jackets near!
Blue-jays chatterin' in a tree—
Sunset, golden clear!

On my plate a leaf or two
An' a hemlock twig—
Shadows hoverin' in the wood
Like somethin' dark an' big!
Cinders in the cookin' stuff—
Wood smoke in my eye—

Ashes driftin' lazy-like
Where the embers lie.

Sparks that look like shootin' stars—
The river down below
Tinklin' over shadowed rocks
In a tune I know!
Dusk—an' trees all wrapped in gloom—
The fire burnin' bright—
My shadow on the canvas wall
Like a thing o' night!

Leaves a-fallin' with a sound
O' foot-falls, soft an' light—
Overhead the stars an' God
Whisperin' "Good Night!"

Fishin' Fever

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

TROUT are jumpin' in the stream,
The riffle's runnin' white—
There's music down between the rocks
Where the beauties bite!
Got to take my rod an' reel
An' a brace o' flies,
Tryin' out my luck again
Where the whirlpools rise!

Whippin' upstream, wadin'
down,
It's all the same to me,
Just so I can have the feel
O' boots against my knee.



Arrow shadows dartin' close—
Silver slippin' by—
Nibbles playin' on the hook
An' me a-standin' by

Waitin' for the reel to hum,
Dreamin' as I go—
Squintin' down the sparklin'
stream—

Greatest sport I know!
Give me reel an' rod an' creel
An' a cabin door,
Wood smoke curlin', meetin' me,
Who could ask for more?

Civilization and the New Testament

By ELMER G. PETERSON, Ph. D.

President of the Utah State Agricultural College

"America . . . is a religion not a mere political segregation of people and our destiny is sure if we adhere to the fundamental doctrine which is the law of our creation as a nation." There may be those who will not agree with that statement from this stimulating article, but Dr. Peterson makes a case for his contention.

WHO can see American children in comparative luxury, even in modest homes reveling in the midst of plenty, of food, clothing, education and recreation, often being stultified with excess of things, without being stabbed by the bitter consciousness that in China and India and elsewhere children are starving by the hundreds each day? And parents in these lands have been known to kill their children in order to release them from their misery. Yet here in America our officials are advising farmers to reduce production. And so with factories and mines, the output is more than we can consume or at least for the time more than we can command the credit to buy. Steel rails, locomotives and cars can be produced here far beyond our need of railroads; ships far beyond our trade necessities; coal mines are closed or run only part time because we cannot use more fuel; and workers by the millions are in idleness.

It is quite apparent of course that we have a problem at home without seeking trouble in the Orient. In the midst of our plenty here we have it seems so imperfect a system of economics that actual want exists in the very areas where over-production is most marked. This calls for a quick remedy and it can only be hoped that our statesmanship will be equal to the task of adjustment to prevent the more deplorable aspects of our present unemployment continuing to



the point of violence. That no other nation of world power proportions has solved this difficult problem is an indication of the size of the task which confronts the country. So without minimizing the grave nature of our domestic situation but for the purposes of our present discussion passing it over, what a challenge is presented to Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic peoples by the present tragedy in the Orient. But a deeper significance than even the tragedy of it, attaches to the fact that less than a third of the people of the world have risen to the commanding position which north Europe and America occupy today. Over two-thirds of the world is stricken with almost continuous want and misery. Why? These people who welter in distress in India, China, Persia and elsewhere are superior people. Those of them who come to our colleges evidence hereditary strength of a high order and history of course tells the story of great civilizations in these now disease stricken, poverty and war ridden areas. Civilization was cradled on the Euphrates and Tigris and further east and portions

of philosophies which come out of these densely populated lands command our great respect.

WHAT is it that enabled Europe and America to take the lead, incomparably so, in world progress? The answer is in a few matters of belief, faith, doctrine or whatever we wish to call it. Whatever we call it we should not delude ourselves that it is an ephemeral thing. It is of transcendent importance. Whatever it is, it is a pearl of great price which in our orgy of plenty we should seek to remember as men should remember honor and women virtue, priceless although often forgotten. The doctrine is an ancient one which has been brought into bold relief by the occurrences of our own generation, indeed of the last quarter century, because it is during these last few years that civilization has fructified into its present multitude of amazing forms. The decision of an increasing number of our more careful thinkers although as yet admitted by a comparative few, is that European and American civilization is essentially a New Testament civilization and is so distinguished, and in no other way distinguishable, from the civilizations built upon other philosophies.

What is it that the New Testament gave us that other peoples have not had? I properly exclude from this discussion any analysis, because it hardly admits of such, of

the mysticism which attaches to Christianity with the passing statement only that the so-called miraculous portions of the records of Paul and of Jesus can be read by all of us in this modern age of what we call rationalism with very considerable profit, a record which cannot be dismissed as a contribution only to psychology. It is this of course but in our common acceptance of the term it is something else also: a something which differentiates these great events as a piece of dead copper wire differs from a copper wire charged from a dynamo with power. The difference is infinite although the copper is the same. In our effort to know what has made northern Europe and America what they are we should read again the story of the journey of Paul to Damascus, not as a treatise on psychology but as a marvelously potential fragment of history.

NORTH Europe and therefore America, because America is the child of north Europe, have been distinguished from the rest of the world because of a belief in a God as interpreted by Jesus of Nazareth. This God has been explained to us and our ancestors under the designation of Father. The doctrine taught us has been that of love and forbearance as distinguished from the long history of hate, fear and revenge which pathetically makes up the major portion of the record of mankind including that of our own generation. What Christ taught essentially was an actual brotherhood of men. Once the existence of this brotherhood is admitted as a fact as real as brotherhood in the flesh, and infinitely more significant, the world is transformed.

And this is what north Europe has been thinking for thousands of years because north Europe in all probability carried over the thinking of ancient Israel which

was later amplified and given potency in the life and teachings of Jesus. There have been fearful departures from this thinking in the depravity which has grown up in many places and in the wars that have been waged, but a careful reading of the history will disclose this golden thread of thought reaching back into the centuries and disappearing in the darkness of the



President Peterson in his office at the U. S. A. C.

unknown past,—an ideal which men have never abandoned although kings and often priests seem to have done their utmost to destroy it.

Christ said to His followers: "You are the children of God." This is the key which solves the mystery of hundreds of years of battle. Humanity has never faltered in its struggle to vindicate this great utterance. Other philosophies have been based upon brotherhood, love, and forbearance but for some reason they have not been efficacious in producing progress, as dead copper wire, to use the figure again, is powerless to operate a factory or move a train.

Once you give humankind this thought, as Christianity has had it, of brotherhood, and make it basic in their thinking, the very foundation of their thinking, they naturally tend to interpret it in the lives they live. If all men are children of God then all potentially are not only important in the

plan of life but equal as brothers are equal in rank in the family circle. Therefore all men should be free; the relationship of servant and master is impossible in Christian thinking except as power acquired by effort gives one the right to dominion. No one wisely will claim that people as we see them in action in every day life are equal; there is in fact what may be

called a law of inequality in actual achievement. But it will not be surprising if science itself reveals that potentially all men, barring of course exceptional variations one way or another, are very nearly equal. Indeed a school of psychologists is now preaching this very doctrine and however far it may be wrong the facts are accumulating that humankind are generously endowed from the bottom to the

top with strength and weakness and it is given to each individual, granting grave limitations of environment, to develop his potentiality to the farthest possible extent. Our histories are full of the names of great ones drawn into eminence from the lower strata of society by the processes of democracy. The quintessence of democracy is in the Christian doctrine that "God is no respecter of persons."

IF men are equal, if only in rights and opportunities, there is no such thing as the divine right of kings, the people themselves should rule. Christian thinking has in our own time almost finished the destruction of thrones upon which as far back as history goes certain foolish people have sat and permitted their hirelings to ascribe to them powers and rights which they did not have and should not have attempted to exercise.

This importance of the individual is very close to the heart of the something which we are searching for in this discussion. Other thinking has sacrificed the indi-

vidual to the state and considered his welfare comparatively inconsequential. Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic institutions are built upon the foundation of individual rights, what we in America have called inalienable rights. There can be no denying the powerful effect upon the development of society of this doctrine of individualism. It automatically releases the energies of people and drives them to unending progress which seems to be the law of life. It is this virtue in America which will be called upon to neutralize the dangerously large amount of evil which is manifesting itself in our mercantile civilization. Men with this conception of their high station became partners in the great enterprise of life instead of unimportant hirelings to follow the command of a superior. Potentially there are no superiors. This freedom, this recognition of high personal status, has produced the discoveries and inventions which, from the slow beginnings of Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, Pasteur, Faraday and others, have flooded the world with a wealth of things ministering to human health, comfort and educational development. So with this great thought in mind men began to create the civilization of Europe, consciously or unconsciously working toward the ideal of the importance of the individual and striking at the degenerate formulae whether of religion, government, economics or education which sought to stratify men into upper and lower classes and to oppress and bind down those in the lower classes. Freedom of mind and conscience, under law which the people themselves set up and agree to sustain, became the dominating movement of modern history.

HISTORIANS are justified in ascribing to Christianity the achievement of education for all the people. The common schools and the universities are a direct result of this doctrine on the theory that if men are indeed equal in their rights as our basic document stated then each should be given equal opportunity to secure education and otherwise be given a fair chance in his pursuit of happiness. Furthermore, if men are to rule themselves then as a practical necessity they must be informed. But nothing I believe but a deep re-

ligious conviction, not mere expediency however urgent, could account for the nearly four billions spent each year on education in America, taking America as an example of the working out of the doctrine, and for the corresponding investments in furtherance of an actual brotherhood upon earth. It is the very essence of American idealism.

Let me pause long enough to state a qualification which I think ultimately must express itself in our thinking on evolution. Evolution of course is a fact or rather a tremendous concourse of facts; that man is a beast is not a fact. Yet modern philosophy has taken unto itself this generalization based upon a phase only of the work of science, i. e., the generalization that man is bestial in nature.

Man is essentially a spiritual being; his fleshy attributes are an instrumentality only to express what is greater in him or if not in him what may be expressed through him as a violin made of animal sinew and a bit of hardwood, to use an ancient figure, may express a symphony. This false interpretation of evolution, that man is essentially a beast, overran

the thinking of the world. An important part of German philosophy was unequivocal in its statement of the application of the law of the beast to man. If the French had coal, the Rumanians oil or the English trade, take it if you can, that was the German idea, if necessary by force. French, English and American philosophy was essentially the same only probably weaker, a larger measure of hypocrisy entering into the thinking of the enemies of Germany. Our schools and colleges were and are saturated with the doctrine. A more debasing and destructive doctrine it would be impossible to imagine. It was and is a direct defiance of Christian thinking and it did its major part I believe in preparing Europe for the World War. It was a corruption which brought its inevitable penalty as it will bring its future penalties if we continue to adhere to it.

THERE is evidence in Christ's teachings that He dissented from the feeling of family pride which would easily express itself in families, particularly aristocratic Jewish families. If the feeling within a family becomes too self-contained, too smug, it is easy to understand how damaging such a point of view would be to the members of the family, separating them as it would from the broad sympathies which are necessary for effective participation in life. Christ undoubtedly sought to have his followers recognize themselves as part of the great human family, necessary bearers of its burdens and sharers in its blessings. There is evidence that He recognized limitations in family life; on the other hand there is no evidence that He did not consider it the tremendous factor it has become in civilization. In any case out of His teachings has come the ideal of family integrity as one of its greatest results. If it is a fruitage of Christianity it somehow is in the doctrine itself. Clearly the virtues which family life in its finer forms exemplifies are all virtues which Christ did stress in His teachings. Northern Europe and America have been distinguished by their belief in the sacredness of the home and in the building of government as a bulwark to protect and preserve this fundamental human relationship. I am one who disagrees sharply

(Continued on page 621)



Whoa, Hawses, Whoa!

By H. R. M.

Drawing by Harry Nielson

Whoa, Hawses, Whoa! Now don't you run away—
You'll throw me off an' spill my load of hay!

Next winter hay will be a banquet treat—
Whoa, Hawses, Whoa, you'll want this load to eat!

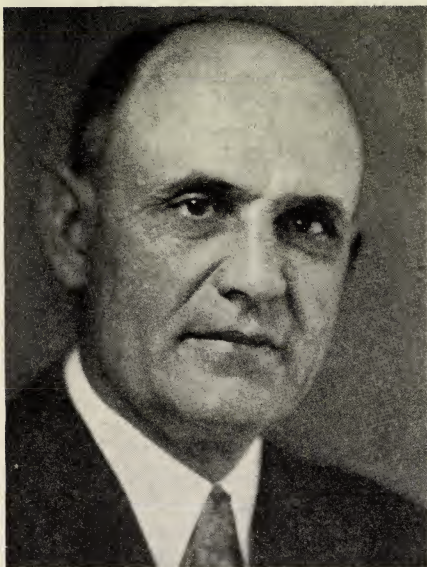
Greatness in Men

Log cabins, close acquaintance with the sturdy soil, pioneering experiences have produced in America many great characters. Among them is that of Stephen L. Richards who is made by President Hinckley to appear to be as tolerant as Nature and as steady as the hills.



STEPHEN L. RICHARDS

By Bryant S. Hinckley



Stephen L. Richards

STEPHEN L. RICHARDS hails by direct descent from Dr. Willard Richards, who was President Brigham Young's counselor, and who was in Carthage Jail on that fatal afternoon of June 27, 1844, when the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, were martyred, and when his only other companion, John Taylor, was savagely wounded, his life being miraculously spared by the assassin's bullet striking a watch which he carried in his vest pocket.

This conversation which took place in the jail a few minutes before the attack reveals the caliber of Willard Richards. Speaking to him Joseph Smith said: "If we go into the cell will you go with us?"

The Doctor answered: "Brother Joseph, you did not ask me to cross the river with you—you did not

ask me to come to Carthage—you did not ask me to come to jail with you—you do not think I will desert you now? But I will tell you what I will do. If you are condemned to be hung for treason I will be hung in your stead and you will go free."

Joseph said: "You cannot."

The Doctor replied: "I will."

Willard Richards not only witnessed this terrible tragedy but did all he could to defend the Prophet and Patriarch and to care for John Taylor. Not a drop of Dr. Richards' blood was shed.

DR. STEPHEN L. RICHARDS, the father of Apostle Stephen L. Richards, was a quiet man of sterling worth, known for the gentleness of his disposition and for his universal kindness and consideration for the poor. He was highly respected in his profession and greatly beloved by all who knew him. His life was full of unrecorded deeds of mercy and generosity. As a father and husband, a home-maker and friend he had few equals.

The Richards family has been prominent in business and professional pursuits since the establishment of this commonwealth and were prominent among the early settlers of America. They have been distinguished for their sagacity in business and for their independent thinking. They have been religious people but religion with them is not merely emotionalism, it must appeal to their reason to claim their allegiance.

His ancestors on his mother's side were also distinguished for their initiative and leadership. His mother, Emma Louise Stayner (Richards), a daughter of the late Arthur Stayner, who was instrumental in promoting the sugar industry in Utah, is a woman of unusual dignity, rare soundness of judgment and sweetness of character, who has written upon the countenances of her children the stamp of nobility. She is the mother of ten children, six sons and one daughter now living. Her sons, Stephen L., Claude, Dr. G. Gill, Stayner, Willard, and Russell, are all men of intelligence, initiative, and capacity. The devotion and consideration of these boys for their parents has called forth universal respect and admiration. Her daughter, Mrs. Grace Richards Warner, is a woman of the same superior type as her mother.

Stephen L. Richards was born in Mendon, Cache

County, Utah, June 18, 1879, and subsequently moved with his parents to Farmington, Utah. He attended the public school, Davis Stake Academy, L. D. S. University, Salt Lake High School and University of Utah.

HIS professional training was received in the University of Michigan and the University of Chicago. From the latter institution he received the L. L. B. degree. He was the first Utah student to be graduated from the law school of the University of Chicago and was a member of the first class ever graduated in Law from that institution, receiving a Cum-laude degree.

He has been active in the Church from his boyhood, serving officially in the Sunday School, Mutual Improvement Association, and Religion Class. Following the death of George Reynolds he was appointed second assistant to President Joseph F. Smith who was general superintendent of Sunday Schools.

He was principal of the Malad city schools and served for ten years as a member of the Law faculty of the University of Utah and was tendered a professorship in the University of Missouri, which he declined.

Stephen L. Richards was called to the apostleship and set apart to that office by President Joseph F. Smith, January 18, 1917, and has been very active in this service. His training and ability eminently fit him for this high calling. At home he has served on important committees and he has traveled extensively throughout the Church in the discharge of his apostolic duties.

February 21, 1900, he married Irene Merrill, a daughter of Clarence Merrill and Bathsheba Smith, a woman of superior intellect, refined and artistic in temperament,

devoted and happy in her family, cooperating with and encouraging her husband in every undertaking, submerging all her interests in the interests of others. This marriage has been blessed with nine chil-

land of magnificent distances. This cabin was a mile from the nearest house. Stephen L. was not yet twenty-one, ambitious and eager for adventure.

Those were heroic but halcyon days for both of them. It is not the task of a novice to break broncos and milk wild cows. It requires not only courage to drive a four horse team over rough canyon roads hitched to a wagon loaded with logs—it requires skill, strength, agility and resourcefulness, all of which Stephen L. had, and he got out of this hard and dangerous work the thrill and satisfaction which comes from meeting difficult situations and mastering them. He

did heroically the part of a frontiersman and it will remain eternally to his credit.

While there is no evidence of those rough and tumble days in his appearance, and while they seem far removed from him as he sits at ease in the council chambers of administrators and executors of large affairs, or stands on the platform pleading the cause of justice, or in the pulpit appealing to young people to give their allegiance to the faith of their fathers—still those hard days were highly profitable. Many of those experiences may have been difficult but these young people had brave hearts. Some of the things which they did read like fairy tales.

Picture if you will this young bride reared in the city, unacquainted with pioneer life, sitting by the fire in a lonely cabin waiting through the long hours of the night for the return of her belated husband who was lost in a blizzard? Or holding a fractious horse while the young frontiersman cautiously harnessed it and skillfully hitched it to the wagon.

THESE may have been hard days but they were happy ones, and although the wheat which he har-



Four Generations



Mrs. Richards at play time

dren: Lynn Stephen, Irene Louise, Lois Bathsheba, Alice Leila, Helen Merle, Georgia Gill, Joseph Albert, Philip Longstroth, and Richard Merrill.

THE home life of Brother and Sister Richards which began under extraordinary circumstances



"At a rodeo he lassoed a wild horse with the first throw of the lariat."

has never lost any of the romance and adventure that marked its beginning. They were married late in February and early in March moved into a one room log cabin on a ranch in Idaho. Idaho is a

vested and hauled by team from Malad to Colliston brought him only forty cents a bushel, and the hay which he stacked on the ranch sold for \$3.00 a ton; those were profitable days. They gave him an appreciation of the effort required to produce things, and put him in contact with the soil and in touch with nature, all of which helped to sober his thinking and to solidify his character.

The people of the nearby settlements in Idaho became acquainted with this young rancher and discovered that he was a man of ability and learning and they persuaded him to accept the principalship of the public schools of Malad. He carried this work forward efficiently and won the confidence and esteem, not only of his teachers but of the community. Several years after when he made a visit there one of his friends remarked: "Steve, you still know everybody; why you know every dog and cat in Malad Valley!"

It was while here that he was inspired with an ambition to become a lawyer. Through his resourcefulness and diligence he accumulated money enough to make a start. He took his wife and children to Ann Arbor and entered the law department of the University of Michigan from which many of the leading lawyers of Utah had graduated. In Michigan he was soon recognized for his ability. He became orator of his class and secretary of the Webster Debating Society. He went from Michigan to the University of Chicago where he completed his professional training.

TO those familiar with his splendid basic qualifications, his aptitude, the effectiveness with which he works, his fidelity to the truth, his devotion to duty, his pleasing personality, it is easy to understand how he made such rapid progress in building for himself an enviable place in the confidence of the community. Analytical in his mental processes, yet not so technical in his consideration of

legal questions as to lose the proper perspective of the case as a whole, and guided by a high and constant desire to promote justice, there is every assurance that had he continued to devote his great talents to his chosen profession, he would have been a brilliant and outstanding member of the bar.* This training and experience have given

do not know his superior. He is an able and conscientious lawyer, eminently successful in his private practice. Of late years such time as he could give has been given to directorship work. He is an officer and director of some of the largest and most important corporations of the state and is one of the safest counselors at the Salt Lake Bar. Capacity, versatility and dispatch are among his characteristics.



Mrs. Irene Merrill Richards
at Time of Marriage

him a larger vision and a broader understanding of human affairs. As a result, his judgment in council and his teachings in public and in private are influenced by the fundamental legal principles which he accepts for his guidance.

From a family chronicle furnished by his wife we quote: "Passed the bar—tried his first case January 11, 1905, in Malad, Idaho." In referring to this case his father, Dr. Stephen L. Richards, said: "The operation was successful but the patient died." Is this a veiled inference that he lost the case?

He is judicially minded. He can quickly analyze the most intricate and complicated problem and state it with an unsurpassed clearness and nicety of diction. His briefs and discourses are models of the best English. As an advocate we

*Estimate of Jesse R. S. Budge.

AT the time of his selection as an apostle he was senior member of the law firm of Richards, Hart & VanDam and had a lucrative practice, but on receiving this appointment he closed his office and gave his undivided attention to his new calling.

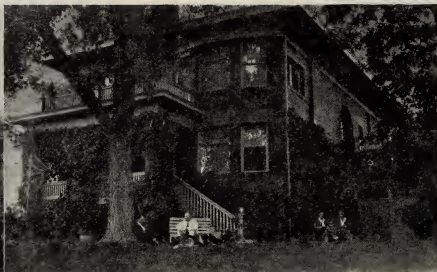
His political experiences are interesting. He was elected city attorney of Murray, was candidate on the Democratic ticket for a member of the state legislature, candidate on Democratic ticket for the state senate, candidate on Democratic ticket for city attorney of Salt Lake City, named for governor at the Democratic convention in 1916 after having previously declined to run, and was defeated by Governor Bamberger on the fourth ballot, receiving the next highest number of votes.

His business ability is clearly shown by the following: He is vice-president and director of Amalgamated Sugar Company, director and member of executive committee of Utah State National Bank, director of Z. C. M. I., director of Utah Oil Refining Company, vice-president and director of Granite Furniture Company, director of Zion's Securities Corporation, Director of Temple Square Hotel, president of Wasatch Land and Improvement Company. Formerly president of Sugar Beet Finance Corporation, an Intermediary Company lending about \$14,000,000 of War Finance Corporation funds to local Sugar Companies about 1917 or 18.

The love of home and kindred



The Farm—Pleasant View, Idaho



The Present Richards Home

is the deep and dominant passion of his life, and he knows how to build a home and his wife knows how to make it an abiding place for one's affections.

STEPHEN L. RICHARDS has the rare capacity of making dreams realities, of shaking results out of confused situations. While he is practical he is artistic in temperament. Things must be beautiful in perspective and taste in technique to satisfy his taste. He is a natural builder and has never built anything cheap or shabby. Building is almost a passion with him. He felled, squared, and hauled with a four-horse team from a canyon forty miles away the logs with which his first home was built, a neat and beautiful little one on a ranch in Idaho. There is always a hospitality about his home that is at once chivalrous and warm-hearted.

The bride of his young manhood has fostered and encouraged this native love for the beautiful which is so strong in him. Whether it was a dirt-roofed cabin on a remote ranch or a modern home among the finest residences of the city, Irene Richards would decorate it, embellish it, and adorn it with that mystic atmosphere which makes a home. She is an artist in home making and all real art and has the finest feeling in it.

There is a congeniality, a comradery, a comity of interest between this couple that has made every hour happy. He has the spirit of adventure, tempered with caution: she has confidence in his judgment and admiration for his courage—they team beautifully, their married life has been a long romance and their home a center from which has radiated a filial

love which is at once strong and beautiful.

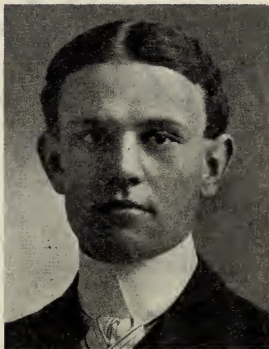
His daughter Alice has voiced in these lines the admiration which the children hold for their father:

"Now give me a father with a brilliant mind."

Said Brother Lynn—"And he must be kind."

Echoed Sister Louise, "and generous too And really unselfish thro and thro."

"I want my father to be Kingly great



Stephen L. Richards
at Time of Marriage

Whom men will honor and decorate."

Said Lois in that great council above.

"I want a father that I can love

For all he will surely mean to me."

Said Allie—"Now, Helen, what will your father be?"

"God will choose him and set him apart on high

And his wisdom and glory will reach the sky."

"Yet surely my father must human be," said Georgia Gill,

"Understanding too," said Joe—"Now, Phil,

Will your father be dark like you And handsome, and gay and charming, too?"

"It's a pretty big order already I see," Shouted young Dick, "but my father must be

A good friend and a real pal to you and to me."

Now when all our desires were spoken and through

God smiled on us all and sent us to you."

ON the occasion of Brother Richards' fifty-second birthday, his son, Lynn, a brilliant young lawyer, wrote to his father: "Dear father: The 18th of this month is a glorious day to me. There are few who have the opportunity to enjoy the intimate association of so noble a character and so fond a parent as I have been privileged to enjoy. My gratefulness to you is only marred by my realization that with such an influence I have failed to attain a position comparable to the opportunities I have enjoyed. But be that as it may, I nevertheless am grateful to you and to my Heavenly Father for this privilege and opportunity." * * *

Brother Richards replying, said in part:

"Dear Son: Few things could have been more encouraging and comforting to me than your letter. I am sincerely grateful for your devotion and your love. Your life and affection are the realization of one of my fondest aspirations. To have one's eldest son so noble and true with so much promise for the future must ever be the consummation of a man's highest ideals.

"I pray that my other sons may emulate the example you have set for them. * * *

"The Lord has been most gracious and merciful to me. I thank him and hope soon to be able to put forth more effective effort to show my devotion. * * *

Affectionately,
Father."

WE are permitted through the kindness of Mrs. Richards to select from a personal record some very interesting information with reference to Brother Richards' early life. The heroic and humorous are delightfully intermingled in these experiences.

(Continued on page 604)



Clipped Wings

By FLORENCE HARTMANN TOWNSEND

Ah, wings are made for birds and adventurous spirits, not for home folks, but wings do look so inviting! Just to soar around up there with the birds and clouds!

THEY had always been called a "magnificent couple," even in their courtship days, and five years of marriage had not served to mar the term's meaning. As they stepped out the back door of the little farmhouse together, heads bare and lifted, faces laughing and happy, the glory of the entire landscape seemed to pale materially in comparison. They were both tall and straight and muscular, their faces, necks and arms tanned, their movements free and rhythmical. The woman, while only slightly less tall than the man, lost none of her feminine charm in size. Her form was rounded and graceful, and she carried herself like a queen, taking

deep breaths of the cool spring air as she walked beside her husband, her fingers clinging to his.

"What a day for plowing!" she exclaimed, her voice vibrant with life. "I envy you! But then it will be a great day for washing too."

"Um huh." Walter's eyes swept the far turquoise sky. It would be a great day for flying. Planes were passing over frequently, now that winter's back was broken, and Walter felt again the old pricking in his shoulders, like sprouting wings. Felt the old yearning in his heart, heard the strange call in his ears that made him to pause in his work so many times daily and lift his eyes and listen. He

was like a migratory bird at flight season; restless, uneasy, trying to stay on, yet bound to go at last.

He said nothing of this to Marta, merely giving vent to a twice-broken sigh, of which he was entirely unconscious.

"Why the heavy sigh, dearest?" she laughed. "Surely you don't



have a weary-Willie feeling on a day like this?"

Walter smiled a trifle ruefully. "I hate to admit it, but I fear such is the case. Remember, I never was a hog for work like you are."

Marta laughed, spreading her arms and flexing her muscles. "My greatest desire is for more worlds to conquer," she said. "Great woolly worlds that need cleaning and planting and plowing—"

"And scouring and polishing and painting," Walter chanted. "Yes, you'd actually adore that."

"But as it is I've still my own small world to keep ship-shape, and what with the dishes and the wash waiting I guess I'd better say goodbye." She lifted her face for his kiss. He kissed her solemnly, his fingers under her chin, and was about to turn away when she caught him to herself in an impulsive embrace. Then she released him and ran toward the house, calling a bright goodbye over her shoulder.

At the kitchen door she stopped and looked back. Walter was unlocking the implement house door. She shook herself a little, muttering, "Don't be a fool, Marta. Walter's as steady as a die. And he's—yours." Pride and the joy of possession spoke in that word.

OUT in the field Walter was running the tractor. Marta loved the hum of its motor; she even loved running the machine, and frequently did so while Walter attended to other matters. She delighted in seeing the furrows fall in sliced folds behind them, and the great disc plow that prepared the land for the wheat was her especial pride. When the wheat was in the ear she would gaze upon it with the wonder and anxiety of a mother for her child. Marta was a farmer born.

Walter had not wanted to farm. He had wanted to fly. But Marta shuddered at the sight of a plane; she was afraid of great heights, both for herself and for her lover, and because Walter wanted Marta more than he wanted anything on earth, he had given up his ambition to fly and had promised to farm.

They had been eminently suc-

"How I'd like to pilot that beauty," he cried aloud. "What I wouldn't do with her!"

cessful, because they had carried out to the letter Marta's carefully made plans. It is not to be presumed that Walter was either incompetent or lacking in initiative, but it was a fact that Marta had both to a more striking degree. She was the more aggressive, and because she so loved taking the reins in her own hands, Walter had allowed it. While Marta planned Walter dreamed, though Marta never suspected it.

She had wanted 200 acres of their 240 in wheat, and it was so. That first crop almost paid for the place. It had been a banner year. And while there had not been another quite like it, none had been bad. They had been able to buy a new car. The house and barn had been painted and the implement shed built. Then Marta's father had died and she had fallen heir to a share of his estate. Marta knew exactly what she wanted to do with it—there was the Osborne 80 on the south.

WALTER said nothing. How could he? The money was Marta's. But he felt the blows of an invisible hammer that was shaping another shackle for his feet; felt the swish of invisible shears that clipped his equally invisible wings. It became clearer to himself every day that he had pulled the wool over his own eyes; he had never meant to farm for long. He had meant, though he had been unconscious of it at the time, to bring Marta around to his way of thinking about flying. He would woo her gradually, tactfully to an air-minded attitude. Gosh, how easy it had looked from that distance! And how completely he had failed! For Walter was not subtle and his attempts to lead her gently, to creep up on her blind side, had been awkward and tell-tale in the extreme. He remembered that even on their honeymoon he had taken her to the flying field at Grahamville and tried to persuade her to fly; tried to persuade her to let him fly. Then he had been actually frightened at her white, sick face, and had penitently taken her away, post haste, and had rashly promised to forget flying and be content on the farm. It had rested at that; Marta wedded to the earth, he to the sky, and they to each other.

It was mid-morning when the



plane passed over, flying low, a beautiful two-passenger monoplane of brilliant blue. Walter stopped the tractor to watch it. It was like a great unearthly bird, making straight into the east. "How I'd love to pilot that beauty!" he cried aloud. "What I wouldn't do with her!" He shifted gear, his eyes still on the diminishing plane, when he noticed that it was turning, was circling back toward the field. How slowly it seemed to come, yet he knew it was making great speed. Now it was dropping incredibly, swooping like a butterfly over a rainpool. And then a hand and the pilot's head appeared over the edge of the cockpit, and Walter returned the salute with a shout and a tossed hat. The plane climbed back into the sky and Walter into the tractor seat where he sat, uplifted, until the ship was lost in the distance. He looked at the tractor with disgust, spat on the innocent soil that awaited turning and set the machine going. His lips were set and his fine brow furrowed.

MARTHA, hanging out the wash, had seen the plane but she had not seen Walter's demonstration. She did see, at noon, his preoccupation, and sought to divert him with talk of acquiring the Osborne eighty. Walter scarcely heard. The roar of a powerful motor was still sounding in his ears—and it was not a tractor motor. He was visioning, not 80 additional acres to be plowed, but the infinite blue of the heavens to be probed, to be explored, on the blue wings of a mechanical bird. Freedom, happiness—wings!

"Tired, dear?" Marta inquired solicitously.

"Not a bit," he grinned as cheerfully as he could as he pushed back his chair. After all, Marta couldn't help it if he were miserable. It was just the perversity of his own nature. He would put all thought of airships and flying out of his mind, once and for all. Didn't he have everything any normal man could wish for? Didn't Marta love him and he Marta better than anything on earth? Well, then.

It is possible that Walter might have carried out his well-intended renunciation had not the plane that he had quickly dubbed the Bluebird made daily flights across the 200 acres he was plowing, and

if the pilot had not continued to make friendly advances. But it was as if the very Old Boy Himself had a hand on the control stick, for it not only returned daily, but circled the field again and again, to Walter's unbounded pain and delight.

ON the fifth day it lighted not fifty yards from the tractor on the portion of the field not yet plowed. In an instant Walter was running toward it, face glowing like a boy's, all thought of his recent resolution forgotten. He could no more have resisted its appeal than a child could resist a pass to a circus.

The motor was still running when he reached the spot. He talked to the pilot a few minutes above the roar of the engine. They were friends at once, the common tie serving as an introduction and recommendation. The landing had been made solely because the pilot had recognized a fan and knew it would give the farmer a thrill.

After the plane took off Walter did not go back to the tractor for a long time, but stood dreaming, hat in hand, motionless.

Marta had seen the plane make its landing and had strained her eyes to see if there was anything wrong. But when she saw Walter standing so long in what appeared to be merely a friendly conversation, she decided the pilot had probably landed merely to ask for directions. Still she stood in the door waiting, watching. No doubt she would hear all about it when Walter came to the house. A little pucker ridged her brow. She'd just as soon the plane hadn't landed. There was always the possibility of a live spark of air interest still

lying deep within Walter's heart that just such an incident as this might fan to flame. He had been easy to handle when their marriage was still new and free from disillusionments, and when he was still more the lover than the husband. Now, she recognized, this passion, should it be renewed, would be hard to stem or to turn into a different channel, as she had stemmed it on their honeymoon.

AN hour later Walter's approach was announced by his whistling as he came up the path. Marta smiled knowingly. He was so overflowing with good spirits and especially with the big news, that it was spilling over in an excess of cheery whistling.

He peeped through the screen at her as he reached for the basin on the back porch shelf, where he always washed up. She did not note that his glance was particularly searching. She smiled in good-humored amusement.

"Lo, Walt. Hungry?"
"You bet I'm hungry." Under his breath he thanked his lucky stars. Marta hadn't seen the plane or she'd meet him with an anxious look and forty questions. He mumbled additional praises into the towel as he dried his face. This was his lucky day. Marta hated the very thought of flyers and flying, and now she could be spared.

He swung into the kitchen, letting the screen slap to behind him while he made tracks to the table.

"Um-m, but things look good, sweet." He tousled her hair as he sat down.

"Any reason why they shouldn't, consider who cooked 'em?"

"Quite the contrary, only I think it would have been more becoming if you'd allowed me to say that."

"But I was afraid you wouldn't."

HE made believe at cutting her fingers with his knife, and fell silent. Marta, momentarily expecting the narrative to begin, was silent also, and save for occasional comments on the food or the request to have his glass refilled, the meal passed in silence. Marta stole furtive glances at her husband's face and was frightened

(Continued on page 634)



G. Stanley McAllister

By CLAUDE C. CORNWALL

Behind many big movements boys from Utah are to be found doing their bit toward making the world more vocative.

IN the executive offices of the U. S. Lines a meeting was being held to discuss arrangements for a cruise of the S. S. Leviathan to Nova Scotia. The vice president turned to me and said, "Cornwall, get two men as your assistants for this cruise. You know, some of those live young fellows who know how to handle a crowd. I'll leave it to you. Go and get 'em."

A few minutes later I was at the telephone and in touch with two Utah boys, Stanley McAllister, of the Columbia Broadcasting System and Lavoir Card, of N. B. C. Both were willing to go and we had a great cruise.

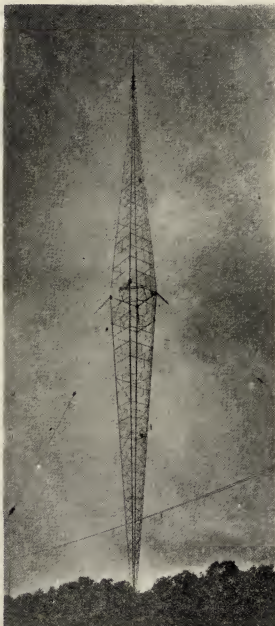
One day after our return I was in McAllister's office and he permitted me to take away the accompanying pictures, one of himself and the other of the new Vertical Aerial of station WABC, the key station of the Columbia Broadcasting system.

A LITTLE over four years ago Stanley McAllister went to New York and started work with "Cushman & Wakefield." His assignment was office layout and building management. When the Columbia Broadcasting Chain decided to erect their new building they appealed to Cushman & Wakefield for help. This was a technical job requiring a skilled designer. McAllister was given the task.

Day by day as the building progressed "Mac" was on the job. He followed every detail suggesting materials for studio lining, arrangement of space and location of apparatus, color schemes, corridors and elevators, reception rooms, wiring, heating and lighting and the thousand other installation requirements. It was a great job and when completed a real triumph for



G. Stanley McAllister



Mac's Latest Job.

A 665-foot tower "looking not unlike a pointing finger."

this smiling, fiery, keen-minded youth from Utah.

OFFICIALS of Columbia had been in daily contact with "Mac." They had become attached to him by his genial, fetching personality. They could see also that he knew his job, that he possessed a rare qualification—an ability to make a decision; to face a hard situation and drive it to a sensible conclusion.

"What are you going to do when you finish this building?" he was asked one day by the Columbia director.

"Back to Cushman & Wakefield to see what's next," was Mac's answer.

"Oh no, you're not," was the reply. "You're staying with us for more money than they could ever afford to pay you."

And that was that.

So Stanley McAllister became manager of construction and installation for the Columbia Broadcasting National Chain.

Over in Bound Brook, New Jersey, stands a unique tower stretching 665 feet skyward and looking not unlike a pointing finger. It is perched on an 18 inch insulator supported on a concrete base and held in place by four steel guy wires stretching down 350 feet to concrete anchors. This is "Mac's" latest job. It was no mean task to erect this steel tower on its tiny base, to balance it perfectly and to make it secure against the wind.

BUT there it stands. And radiating out from it daily are the programs sent from station WABC the new 50,000 watt installation which is another source of pride to this young man from Utah. And reception reports have come in from Canada, Mexico, Europe, Australia, The Philippines, Samoa and from every state in the Union.

"Want to see an interesting dramatic program broadcast?" Mac asked me the other night when I was again visiting with him at the Columbia Building. "Sure I do," I replied. "Well, come with me and I'll get you a pass to 'Time marches on,' then you'll see how it's done in a real studio."



Panorama of Salt Lake City.

The Heart

By EDNA I. ASMUS

THIS is the place!" exclaimed Brigham Young, eighty-five years ago,* when he and 147 Mormon refugees looked down upon a valley of death from the mouth of Emigration Canyon. These immigrants saw but one lone tree in a dry, desolate waste stretching from the rugged range of the Wasatch mountains to the crystalline shores of Great Salt Lake. Yet their leader cried in exultation that this was the promised land, and they knelt upon the parched soil in prayerful thanksgiving to a beneficent God!

Perhaps to those poor travel-weary souls who had endured all manner of hardships and privations on the long trek across the valleys and plateaus to these mountains of the west, that desolate Salt Lake valley by very reason of its desolateness gave promise of a haven secure from intrusion.

Secure from intrusion, indeed! The very dreams of man preclude such security.

THE history of Salt Lake City has no counterpart. The first band of Mormon refugees were "tossed naked" upon a grim frontier while behind them was "a flaming sword that turned every way." They

*July 24, 1847.

were 1000 miles away from any settlement, east or west. The soil of their new sanctuary would produce nothing except through irrigation. Their first crop was a failure. Their second was almost completely destroyed by crickets.

That these brave souls lived through their trials must have been because they had grown superior to distress. But they did live, and—they multiplied! They had disciplined themselves to be content with life's barest necessities. They had few comforts. Luxuries were only a dream.

But just as the ugly duckling of the fairy tale turned into a swan, so has that arid waste between the Wasatch range and Great Salt Lake turned into a beautiful city of lush green shade trees, riotous gardens, wide white avenues and sun-drenched spires. And whoever seeks beauty, will, sooner or later, find his way to Salt Lake City—the heart of Utah, the citadel of Mormonism, the gateway to a scenic west, the fountainhead of a loftier living.

It is with this fourth distinguishing aspect of Salt Lake City that I, as an easterner, am chiefly concerned: Salt Lake City, the fountainhead of a loftier living. I use the noun "living" rather than the noun "life" advisedly. It limits the possibility of misinterpretation.



of Utah

This Chicago woman came and visited Salt Lake City. Is the "heart of Utah" as she describes it, what you have found it to be?

tion. For it is only in the active *manner or rule of life* as it is exemplified by the folk in and around Salt Lake City that I am interested.

THERE are certain institutions of Salt Lake City with which we are all familiar whether or not we have visited the city; just as there are institutions of other cities which have been made familiar to us by means of newspapers, postcards, moving pictures, etc. By now everyone has become acquainted with the sky-soaring contours of New York City's Empire State building; with Chicago's latest architectural prize-winner, the Palmolive building; with that friendly link of international good will, the bridge uniting Detroit, Michigan, with Windsor, Canada.

Inventions mastering time and space have brought all the world to our threshold. Pisa's leaning tower, Paris's Eiffel tower, London's buildings of Parliament are as familiar to us as the sights of our own neighborhood.

And so, the prospective visitor to Salt Lake City is already prepared to greet on terms of familiarity, the Mormon Temple, the Tabernacle, the recreational Saltair. The visitor is also cognizant of the fact that Salt Lake City is the "Mormon City," and the home of United States Senator Reed Smoot, who is almost constantly in the public eye.

To the uninitiated, however, the Mormon is a strange parcel of humanity whose notorious transgression has been polygamy, whose aspect and demeanor are peculiar and mysterious.

STRANGE as it may seem in this so-called enlightened age, there is a vast amount of ignorance and misinformation about "those strange Mormons" who are nothing more or less than the Latter-day Saints known and recognized the world over!

But I digress. The purpose of this article is not to discuss Mormonism, its ramifications and—its revelations. Suffice it to say, however, that he who is purged of bias and prejudice will find much that is exemplary in Mormonism.

What we of the east expect to find in Salt Lake City beyond the already familiar, is impossible to say. I know a few folk who have departed from this famous city disappointed and disillusioned. What caused such a reaction, I know not. Was it due to preconceived ideas not realized in fact? An unsympathetic mood? Some annoying mishap? Bad weather? Who knows?

All I know is that I arrived in Salt Lake City with an open mind, and that it won my heart completely.

(Continued on page 623)

The Charm of the Incomplete

By Ruth Muirhead Berry

Some people grow flowers and some—grow homes. Mrs. Berry tells how she and her husband, Raymond A. Berry, the writer, "grew" theirs.

TWO years ago I was faced by a weighty problem in homebuilding. My husband frankly stated that I could have my choice of building a new home, complete but neither the size nor kind for which I longed, or I could start the sort of home which I desired and leave it incomplete until sufficient funds arrived to finish it—let them come when they would.

The first alternative did not appeal. In the eight years of our married life I had seen a number of friends build standardized bungalows, financed by a Building and Loan Company and furnished with installment furniture. Then they would settle down for a ten year program of monthly payments before the place, somewhat worn, would at last be their own. I confess to considerable dissatisfaction at times that we could not do the same. But the wife of a struggling author must turn a deaf ear to voluble salesmen who assure her that she can have anything she wants for a paltry ten dollars down.

SO we lived on and on in the much down-at-the-heel little house which had been built by my husband's grandfather. But we struggled toward and dreamed of a new home, designed according to our needs, until the days came when the editors' hearts were opened and checks poured in at a rate which gave us assurance to build.

Frankly I could not endure the thought of having less of a home than I had planned, and the needs of our family demanded a somewhat larger dwelling than most of those in the town where we lived.

spurt left our home looking, if anything, worse than before we started. As the old house had neither bath nor conveniences of any kind, we felt that it was imperative to build the service end

first. I am sure that this was a wise decision from many angles, yet it left the front of our home a sorry figure for the nine months that elapsed before we could start on our second spurt.



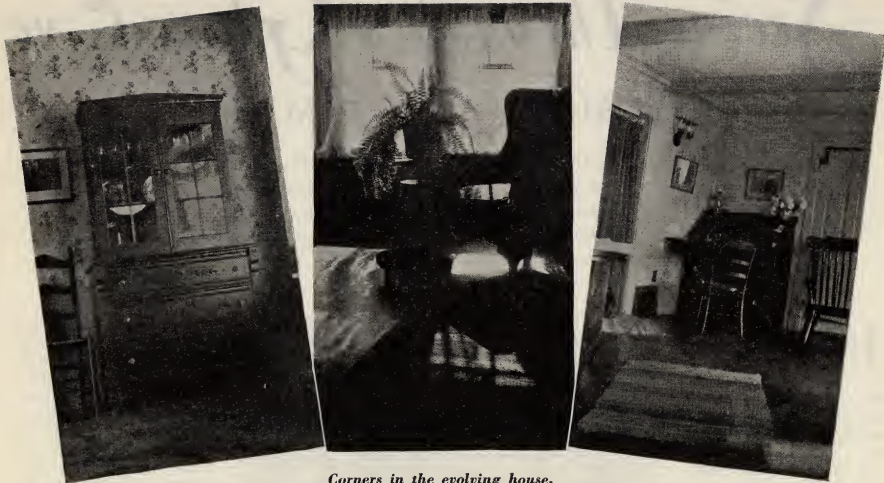
The Growing Home.

As we were fond of company there must be a large living-room and a separate dining room. Some place must be provided where my husband could work—that meant a study. Then there were three children, all under six, to be considered when bedrooms were planned and who must have a large playroom far removed from the study. These items, together with the views to be obtained from the various windows, formed the basis on which we began our plan—a plan that was changed and rechanged in process of construction and many details of which may yet be altered, though the main ideas must remain always.

While I said over and over to myself that childhood, spring, education, and most of the desirable things of life were charming because of their incompleteness, I shall have to own that our first

BUT at the end of sixteen months from the day we first tore off the old kitchen and dining room and prepared for battle, we had completed enough of our plan to settle down, free of debt, to worry through a depression that we had not seen around the corner. Though incomplete our home was far enough advanced at this time to attract the attention of all who came near and to win the prize of a most substantial payment on an electric range through a Better Homes Contest. At this point we now wait, longing for its completion but thankful beyond words for the peace and security we feel without a mortgage in troublous times.

As it now stands the house has six rooms entirely finished without counting one bath, laundry, amusement room in basement, furnace room and vegetable cellar. Those six rooms are two bedrooms upstairs, one on the main floor, a large living room, dining room and kitchen. Remaining to be finished when the halcyon days return again are two more bedrooms and



Corners in the evolving house.

a bath upstairs and my husband's study downstairs. No one from the outside, however, would guess that these rooms are not quite as done as the rest. Curtains hang at the windows and, unless some curious soul presses his nose against the glass, he is none the wiser. Nor can this deception be detected from the inside when doors are properly closed. Incidentally I might add that an attached garage and a closed porch that may be used in winter as a flower room are dreams too far off to assume any visible form at present.

BECAUSE I wanted a rambling, farmhouse type, similar to those built in New England and the Middle Eastern States in the early part of the eighteenth century and, because the job was a remodeled one and much limited in many ways, my chances of getting my desires pieced meal were perhaps greater than would have been possible with any other type of house. The old home had a main part consisting of four square rooms, two above and two below, each pair divided by a stairway which must have been crossed with a ladder. However the timbers were large and of native cut lumber and

the building solid, even if the corners were none of them square. This home was dear to me and had, I felt, become a home in the sense that it had already seen "a heap o' livin'," so, against the advice of the lumberman, carpenters and all concerned, we clung to our original decision and insisted upon remodeling. Here I must own that

titions before enough nails were driven to make the cost prohibitive.

An architect connected with the lumberyard made first plans and blue prints but he was too far away for much consultation. As the work was not done by contract and much of our saving was to be made by overseeing the project ourselves, I hunted through

all the magazines dealing with home building which I could buy. When I found cupboards, windows, doors, attractive corners and so on to my liking, I carried these pictures to the Italian carpenter who was bossing the job. As I knew no technical terms and he was unacquainted with the sort of home I desired, we had more or less trouble at first getting

together. But I soon found that he could make positively anything to suit me if there was a picture by which he could go. From then on we worked entirely from magazines. When still uncertain, he made forms in miniature to go by, exercising the most wonderful patience with my changing desires. He even constructed rough gables for our dormer windows and set them at various places on the old roof while my husband



The Living Room and Great Old-fashioned Fireplace.

there was no economy in this except for the fact that we always had a part of a home where we could live without paying rent while work was going on. Although this was not always pleasant it had its rewards, the chief one being that I was always on hand and could change my ideas about the location of bathroom fixtures, doors, windows and par-

(Continued on page 622)

Seeing Through a Glass Eye

By WALTER P. COTTAM, Ph. D.

Dr. Walter P. Cottam, whose excellent pictures have won prizes and favorable comment from the most fastidious, here gives a few pointers on how to take pictures. Though he is a scientist, not a photographer at all except as an amateur, his photographs carry so much of his personality in them that they have been hung in homes as works of genuine creative art.

FEW modern inventions have entered more widely into the economic life and the general enjoyment of mankind than the camera. Through this glass eye man records events and things with a speed and precision which far excels the human eye. Through it he peers into a thousand invisible worlds of both heaven and earth; in fact no branch of science or art today could dispense with photography.

But to the average mind a camera is a third eye—a modern inexpensive luxury which catches smiles, sunsets, baby's first tooth and a thousand æsthetic moments dear to the human heart and preserves them with lasting and unerring fidelity. Photography is both a science and an art. It has led thousands into a finer appreciation of nature and to a wider sympathy and interest in the professional artist and his message to mankind. Few people can truthfully say that they care nothing for fine pictures, and fewer perhaps there are who do not carry a secret wish that they knew more about pictorial art.

FEW really fine photographs are produced by accident, and there is no easy road to efficiency in this art any more than there is to any other worthwhile human accomplishment, despite the fact that in taking a picture one merely releases a mechanical contrivance.



The Pictorial Beauty of this composition was attained by snapping the picture in the direction of the light source.

One arrives at his photographic goal, if ever, only through careful study and honest application.

There are two phases to pictorial photography which one must master in order to make good pictures. The first is the mechanical and chemical phase which deals with the camera and the photographic film. There are precise rules to follow in the mastery of the mechanics of the camera and any photographic shop will be very happy indeed to help the amateur with these problems.

The second or artistic phase of

picture making has to do with the selection of subject matter with its proper highlights and shadows. Unfortunately or fortunately there are no precise and mechanical rules to follow in the mastery of this important, more difficult, and highly fascinating phase of photographic art. True there are certain fundamental laws of composition; of rhythm and balance; of light and shade, which govern the artist with his brush, and the successful photographer must learn these; but in the selection and execution of his subject matter, the photographic artist has an opportunity for the expression of his own personality and here lies the real thrill of picture making.

One of the easiest short cuts for the amateur photographer to take in his quest of the knowledge of how to make good pictures, is to study good pictures. He should attend the numerous exhibitions of art which our state offers each year as well as the permanent collections to be found in many public buildings throughout the state. The best book on this subject which the writer has seen is one called "Photography and Fine Art," by Henry Turner Bailey, and published by the Davis Press, Worcester, Mass.

AFTER the mastery of the mechanics of the camera, the first problem which confronts the photographic artist is the selection of



This picture though good in composition owes much to high-lights and shadows.



Good pictures must carry rhythm and balance in their composition.

his subject matter. Too often one never expects to find this close at home and more often than not there is an opportunity for an excellent picture at your very doorstep. When the subject is finally

often the only means at the photographer's command in effecting proper subordination of accessory details in the picture as well as accentuating the important ones. In fact every beautiful photograph owes as much or more to highlights and shadows as it does to artistic composition. Since each type of subject matter demands its own lighting, no hard and fast rules can be laid down which the amateur may follow, but there are certain general facts regarding light quality which should always be kept in mind.

1. Distant objects always receive more light and are registered more strongly on the photographic plate than near objects.

2. Noonday, especially if the sun is shining brightly, is a poor time for land-

always be shaded when taking a picture toward the sun, but one must remember that the more and varied the highlights and shadows, other things being equal, the greater the chances for unusual pictorial beauty.

5. The light is much stronger at noon than in mid-afternoon or morning. The successful amateur watches his camera diaphragm closely and adjusts it to suit the time or condition of day. A mistake of exposure is certain to ruin any picture no matter how carefully one has selected his composition.

6. One should not be in a hurry to snap his picture unless the supreme moment has arrived. It is a good policy to select one's composition and then note the effect of light changes on the subject matter. The successful photographer waits his time even though it requires hours, days, or even a change in season.



A good picture should contain a single interest. The rectangle outlines a scene of rare pictorial quality.

selected there are problems usually of isolating it from a world of conflicting interests. Here the artist with the brush has much simpler problems, for if a tree or shed is in the way, he needs only to omit them from the picture, but the omnipotent glass eye of the camera is sure to record these with disturbing detail. Sometimes by merely shifting the camera a few feet these objectional details are wholly removed or subdued in the foreground.

THE successful landscape photographer is always one who studies carefully the light relationships to his subject matter. It is

scape pictures because shadows are too heavy in the foreground and too often absent in the background.

3. Misty or partly cloudy days, contrary to popular belief, often offer the finest opportunity to the landscape photographer, and generally furnish the best possible light for portrait study.

4. The general photographic rule never to take a picture with the camera facing the sun is often contrary to the best pictorial effects. It is true that the lens of the camera should



The amateur photographer often looks "too high for things close by" when it comes to the selection of subject matter.

A Fool and His Wager

By GLYNN BENNION

Wagers are always bad — this one turned out to be desperately serious. Glynn Bennion reaches into early history and gives an old story a new turn.



Illustrations by
HARRIS WEBERG

IF he had been of a quieter disposition this newcomer from San Pete might easily have won the good will of his older mates at the Bar M, for he was clever and willing enough. But he was full of all the noisy, reckless deviltry natural to a pink-cheeked, blond young cowboy only recently escaped from home restraints to the freedom of man camps.

The consequent disfavor shown him was no sign of a general abhorrence of evil at the Bar M, for that outfit was as tough as any. Rather it was an expression of the impulse normal to all societies, human or otherwise, to reduce youthful conceit and cause the acceptance of the standards of the more experienced. But the San Pete Kid seemed to thrive on hazing.

One of the first things he noticed at the Bar M, and that irked him especially, was an undercurrent of sincere respect for the local sheriff, Jim Thibault. This doubtless was a factor in the Kid's incessant

and inspired boasting of alarming escapades to the disparagement of all peace officers. Certainly it challenged his irrepressible talent for mischief. And then he made a foolish wager.

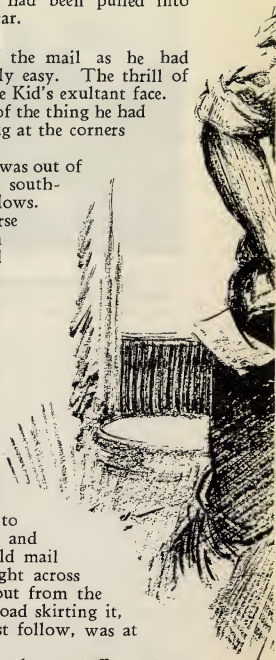
But whatever the causes leading to his ruin, on this day the Kid rode down to the post road at the edge of the sand and prepared an ambush for the mail, and a half hour later was spurring wickedly, his horse lunging mightily, up into the white symmetrical-crested sand dunes. One hand tightly gripped a package of registered letters. Behind him a flabbergasted old mail driver was commencing to drag away the obstructions that had been pulled into the road to halt his ancient car.

THE hold-up of the mail as he had expected had been ridiculously easy. The thrill of reckless daring still flushed the Kid's exultant face. No glimmer of the enormity of the thing he had just done had yet begun to tug at the corners of his mouth.

Presently the San Pete Kid was out of sight of the road, plunging southward in a sea of huge sand billows. Quickly realizing that no horse could long keep to a gallop in such soft footing, the kid checked to a trot, and then to a walk when the going was uphill. The horse floundered as if in snow. But the Kid's body was tense with impatience to be hurrying on, his spurs flicking ceaselessly, without quite touching his mount's heaving sides.

For he must beat the stage he had held up to the post office at Six Mile, deposit his loot therein, and escape without getting caught in order to collect his bet at the Bar M and later have his laugh at the old mail carrier. His course lay straight across a two-mile-wide cape flung out from the great sand desert, while the road skirting it, which the mail he raced must follow, was at least twenty miles long.

The kid figured to arrive at the post office, where



he was unknown, in the drowsy afternoon. No one would notice him deposit the registered mail, and he would quickly be galloping away, with the big laugh on the Bar M and their sheriff.

Noticing a narrow strip of hardpan nearly paralleling his course for some distance where a freak of the wind had swept the sand clean from the clay underneath it, he turned his grateful horse down into this place of firm footing and spurred into a run. No sooner was he down in the hollow, however, than his eyes were eagerly searching the south end for the easiest ascent back up into the dunes again.

This was a mistake. He should have been vigilantly watching the hardpan ahead of his horse's flying hoofs for the badger holes pitting its surface. For suddenly his horse dropped sickeningly from beneath him and he was flying through the air. He landed with a bruising thump on the hard surface and rolled barely clear of the kneeling horse's heels.

FOR a little while he was too badly stunned by the fall to do more than fight for the breath knocked out of him. Then the Kid rolled

to a sitting posture and brushed stupidly at the dust in his hair. No need to hope that his horse, now vainly trying to rise, had not broken a leg. The kid had heard a snap like the breaking of a pick handle.

Getting to his feet the youth picked up his fallen revolver and walked back to his horse. For a moment he stroked the doomed animal's soft muzzle. There was only one humane thing to do and as much as it hurt him he did it.

Minute after minute the bare-headed youth stood staring at the quiet horse. He was aging at the rate of a year a minute. All his fun was turned to ashes now. His unseeing eyes for once were turned on his own colossal asininity.

Finally looking around for his hat, he noticed the packet of registered letters where they lay scattered and torn. The thickest envelope he saw, with a sickening sense of dis-



But the older man whirled and struck like a coiled rattler.

aster, had broken open, displaying a sheaf of bills.

No chance now, the Kid knew, to beat the stage with its story of the loot of the mail pouch into Six Mile. Nor any chance to prove that the whole affair was a joke, the result of a reckless wager. Suddenly the Kid realized that he was an outlaw, with the long arm of Uncle Sam after him.

In a little over an hour men would be at the scene of the holdup, and fifteen minutes later would find the dead horse.

A storm of frantic emotions swept the Kid's mind—futile assessment of his chances for escape, desperate fear of consequences, self pity and vain regret for the tough break which had killed his horse and left him afoot, without food or water, where every step of attempted escape only added to a plain trail for horseback trackers to follow. What mercy might he expect if he waited and submitted to arrest? No one would believe his story that he didn't mean to keep anything from the mail. They would laugh and say that if his horse hadn't broken its leg he

would have escaped with the money. The Kid had visions of Fort Leavenworth, the slow torture of hopeless incarceration.

The skin of his face drew tight, baring his teeth in the terrified snarl of a trapped animal, but his eyes gradually became cold and bleak with determination. He had a gun and some cartridges left. He'd fight out his chances to the bitter end.

FINALLY the Kid's attention was attracted to the flight of time by the slightly altered direction of his shadow. Glancing toward the lowering sun to estimate the hour he now noticed the cloudbank of a small thunderstorm, moving slowly northward some miles west of him. Suddenly he was filled with hope. Familiar with these desert storms, he knew that presently a wind blowing out from the shower would reach him, stirring the dry sand. To get away while the wind drifted over his tracks!

Quickly he was tearing up his saddle blankets and wrapping his feet with the strips to minimize the indentations of his footprints. His prediction of wind proved correct, for even as he was thus occupied a sudden eddying gust whirled away the scattered packet of letters. The kid dropped his work and sprang instinctively after them, a natural reflex driving him to save the money.

Having captured the fluttering bills, the Kid paused to look at them with mixed feelings. Since he had never intended to keep anything from the mail, the best thing to do, he thought, was to leave the money with the letters at the saddle for the officers to find. At that moment, however, he was enveloped in a roaring blast, the backwash from the passing thunderstorm, smothered in driving, stinging sand that pelted like hail. No time to lose now — such a wind, he knew, might not last more than thirty minutes, and by that time he must be two miles away from there.

Once more he considered the damning money in his hand as he leaned against the blast. The sun had been blotted out in dust. This cross wind, blowing at right angles to the prevailing ones, would probably bury the dead horse. No use leaving the money if it were never found. And the suspicion entered

the Kid's mind that even if it were found by this so virtuous sheriff, perhaps no one else would ever know it. Common sense for once on the side of cupidity, and no time for studied decision, the youth thrust the roll of bills into his pocket and turned into the teeth of the wind.

Unable to see anything, he judged that the only way to keep going toward his hastily chosen objective was to keep the wind in his face. For he was now determined to find the hideout of the Tintic outlaws.

SOON smothering in the blinding, choking welter, he tied his bandanna over his mouth and nose, hoping the rag would filter some of the sand from the air. Then he plodded blindly for-

ward, climbing on hands and knees up the lee sides of the dunes while the moving sand poured on him from above as if in buckets full, and then leaning into the screaming, stinging fury as he plunged on over the top and down the windward sides.

The wind kept up longer than the Kid expected, and under ordinary circumstances he would have felt himself terribly abused by the experience. The skin of his face and hands was chiseled raw by the driving particles and his clothes and hair were full of it. But now he scarcely noticed the choking agony and bored into its enveloping fury like a wounded buck into the safety of a thorny thicket.

Presently, however, the wind slackened noticeably and then



Top of the World

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

FAMILIAR trails are calling me
From the sage of the desert gray;
My soul-bud bursts with the sap of life
I must be up and away!

The trail leads on past fir and spruce
To summits bleak and high,
Where forests fade at timber line
And twisted balsams die!

The ewes and bleating lambs will climb
Along the ragged ledge,
Far up the savage topmost crag
To sniff its shining edge!

Then I with laden mules will come
To earth's own silver brim,
Where we'll be shapes of pulsing joy
Etched on its gleaming rim!

Drawing by Cecil Smith

gradually died to a whisper. The thunderstorm, having passed several miles to the westward, was now too far away to affect the atmosphere. The Kid, exhausted, dropped on the sand, glad of the respite. Then he removed his clothes to the skin, shaking out what sand he could before replacing them.

But now another problem presented itself. A posse might be baffled by the covering up of his tracks, but, weatherwise, they would circle the spot of the hold-up until they cut his sign made after the wind subsided. Safety lay only in making no tracks in still weather.

But it might not blow again, the Kid knew, for a long time. Already he was very thirsty, and knew that he must have water before long if he lived. Far to the northwestward the peaks of the Tintics, blue with distance, beckoned with their promise of safety. But to reach them, he knew, he must have food and water.

Thus for an hour or more the Kid sweated under the fierce pressure of the sun in the now sultry stillness of the late afternoon struggling with his indecision. Mostly he shielded his eyes from the painful glare cast up by the whitish sand, but every once in awhile his eyes focused wistfully on the dim, faraway peaks.

But presently the swiftly falling sun relented, and the sand became comfortable. The Kid, wearied by stress of mind and body, yielded to a pleasant drowsiness and slept, forgetting the torture of fear and thirst.

HOURS later when rest and the cold of a desert night had cleared his brain of fatigue, the devils of fear returned to their business and he awoke in a sweaty panic. Whereas the day before, the desert had gathered him under its wings with a rough motherliness, now, in the ghostly starlight, his surroundings seemed remotely threatening, coldly aloof.

Again he was urged toward the safety of the mountains while moisture and strength remained in his body, but again he was deterred by the fear of making and leaving his tell-tale tracks. The hope of a morning wind was on the side of remaining, so he burrowed to a warmer depth and waited.

At last the dragging hours

brought daylight and the sun, but no wind. He remembered that during the baying season on the ranch the wind, nightmare of hay pitchers, usually started up about mid-forenoon. Thus all morning he hoped for a track-obliterating wind and watched for a sheriff's posse. He could see only a short distance in that sea of billowing dunes. Every half hour brought an increase of heat from the mounting sun and his dried throat and thickening tongue told him he was commencing to choke to death.

Then he was startled suddenly by the brief whinny of a horse and dropped low in a hollow he had scooped in the sand to hide himself. Presently he ventured to look out and instantly forgot his scare in the sight of a band of wild horses trailing through the sand. No need to worry now about a posse. If horsemen were anywhere in sight, he knew, those horses would be aware of it and run away.

The horses were moving toward the nearest water, doubtless, and the kid wished he were astride one of them. They were soon lost to view as they followed slowly their sinuous trail through the dunes, but presently came in sight again on the north slope of a big dune. The Kid was surprised to see them halt there, scatter about and commence pawing in the sand. Then some of them thrust their noses into the holes they had pawed as though they found something there to eat, and the more aggressive ones began to whip some of these away from their holes with much squealing and kicking.

Snow!

THE Kid had heard before of winter snowbanks being

"Waiting"

By G. Selander

ALONE, and evening shadows creep,
I want a little time to think and weep.
I'm lonesome, and the sun's last ray
Has closed to human eyes, a dreary day.
Alone, and night birds seek their waiting mate.
While I may sigh and long and only wait:—
So sad this twilight hour without your kiss,
I seek the haven of your arms, but get—
just this!

buried in the shifting sands and of their being uncovered by thirsty mustangs as late as July. Thoughtlessly obeying the impulse of his thirst he arose at once and started eagerly toward the horses. Almost instantly, however, he checked himself and sought to hide again, for he realized that by the same token that the preoccupied mustangs proclaimed the absence of a visible posse, the sudden flight of the horses might arouse possible hidden watchers. But brief as was his exposure, he was seen by the watchful, suspicious animals and the stallion snorted his alarm. Immediately the whole band broke into flight.

There being now no good reason for delaying, and driven by a cruel need, the Kid quickly moved to the place vacated by the horses and began scraping away the sand from the coarse snow. It took a long time to slake his thirst. Finally satisfied, he stood up to survey the situation and decide what to do. Then his body suddenly stiffened, for his first sweeping glance picked up the form of a rider, leading a pack horse, slowly plodding through the sand toward him. Instantly checking the impulse to jump out of sight, for he realized that he had already been seen, the Kid stood still, steadying his badly shaken nerves with a great effort, grimly watching the progress of the newcomer.

As the horseman approached, the Kid's hopes revived. This lone pilgrim was surely not connected with a posse of pursuit. His rough clothes and stubbled face proclaimed him no town dweller, the Kid judged; he must be a desert prospector.

Then the Kid's spirits rose in a great surge of hope. This tough-looking wanderer could be none other than Black Darmstadter, the hardbitten outcast he had hoped to join somewhere in the Tintics, in whose domain he would find sanctuary. The man's appearance fitted exactly the image of the notorious, almost legendary, character carried in the Kid's mind, built partly by the Kid's own fancy and partly by description by those who claimed to have seen the outlaw. The Kid was suddenly buoyant, large as life.

"Howdy, Blackie, travelin' or jist goin' somewheres?" he greeted

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A Hiking We Will Go

By WILLIAM C. WESSELL

FROM the wide open spaces everywhere, comes the call of the forest, the dell and the glade, the majestic mountain and the wide open plain. Kipling expresses this call in, "Something Hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges—something lost behind the ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

When this irresistible call is answered by the irresistible urge called "Wanderlust," is it any wonder that we hit for the trail with the foot striking fire at every step? The air tastes like a new and fine mixture and we accumulate force and gladness as we tramp along. Whither to? It matters not. For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. Distance is not an aim.

Sing as You Go

Let us open our hearts by singing an appropriate tune. The Campers' Song expresses our sentiments:

Follow the trail to the open air,
Alone with the hills and sky;
A pack on your back and never a
care,
Letting the days slip by.

Healing fragrance of pines in the
dark
Glow from the camper's fire;
Starlight and shadow and music of waves.
While the grey smoke curls high'r.

Follow the trail to the open air,
Letting the days slip by.
A smile on your lips, a song in your heart,
One with the hills and sky.

—Agatha Deming.

A SONG on the trail lightens the heart and also the pack. European boys and girls are known for their happy songs as they hike along the way. The mouth organ as well as the guitar with all of its many colored ribbons appear to be inseparable items on every trip. I have seen them playing violin and accordion while hiking through the

forest. No jazz, but folk songs, songs of the outdoors, happy songs of youth. There are a number of songs which are especially appropriate for hiking, such as: The Far Northland; Three Good Turns;



On highways someone travels ahead on turns as a safeguard. Likewise, someone trails the party at some little distance.

Scout Marching Song; and Church in the Wildwood, all written in four-beat measure. These along with other fine songs can be found in "Songs Scouts Sing."

Of course, the happy song dies down when the shoes don't fit. Try as hard as you like to sing; "Hike along—hike along—hike along with stride so free." The rest of the rhyme is likely to be: "But when you get a blister, you can't let the old fellow be," and that brings up to the subject of personal gear.

Equipment

AN army with sore feet is half defeated. It is sound advice to wear shoes before you put them on—for a hike. New shoes should be thoroughly broken in before using them for hiking. Tennis shoes are good for resting one's feet at the end of the trip, but are not of sufficient leath to protect the feet against bruising. Princess heels are in a class with stilts when it comes to hiking. Take your choice, but do not come with me. Wear sensible, sturdy shoes and enjoy the trip.

Woolen socks are generally recommended for those who can wear them. They cushion the feet and carry off perspiration better than other materials, such as cotton, silk, or various mixtures. It is advisable, at best to take an extra pair of socks or stockings in a pocket or small canvas bag, suspended over one shoulder, for a restful change on a long tramp.

All clothing should be loose and fit comfortably, including the belt; let that be a broad one. Knickers, or shorts are most comfortable and permit the greatest ease of leg movement. An extra sweater or wool shirt should be carried in the canvas bag and slipped on while resting.

The kit bag should contain a few items like: matches, a small candle or flashlight, map, pencil, knife, compass, shoe lace, and first aid kit. The woodsman carries these in a ditty bag, the seaman in the slop chest.

How to Hike

IN the event you are taking the first hike of the season, take it easy. Get limbered up. The first few hikes with young people should be rambles, short trips on which to practice the technique of hiking.



The Author (left) and Oscar A. Kirkham (right), camping in England.



Trail's end and everybody happy—
and everybody brought an extra wrap.

Remind them to keep their shoulders down and chest up, and look straight ahead. The stride is long and free. Put the feet down flat, heel first, toes pointed straight ahead, and the swing in alternate rhythm with the legs; breathing in deep and long. Weston, who hiked 45 miles a day for 77 days, advised not to lift the weight of the body a fraction of an inch above the height necessary to swing the other foot forward.

First Aid

SOMEONE said that the best place to have a blister is to have it under your foot so no one else can step on it. Better still, let's avoid this encumbrance altogether, if possible. Blisters usually announce their arrival by causing an irritation where the shoe presses or rubs against the foot. A piece of adhesive tape plastered over the irritation will protect the skin against further irritation and thus forestall the blister.

Do not open a blister, it will go down of itself after new skin is formed underneath. A vial containing boric acid powder comes in handy to soothe a broken blister after which it should be padded with clean gauze.

Foot burn resulting after a long hike can be eased with a hot soap bath after which the feet are sprinkled with foot powder.

Vinegar sopped on with a bit of cotton is a good protection against sunburn. A wash with yellow soap is an effective treatment after being exposed to poison ivy. Space

will not permit us to go into some of the more important phases of first aid.

Food

ASIDE from the regular trail lunch, wrapped and tucked in the canvas bag, carry a drinking



cup and a few snacks for munching such as dried raisins or prunes, Swedish rye-crisp, hikers' chocolate and some fresh fruit. Wise hikers wait until they are cooled off before drinking water. Lest we forget, water is the best thirst quencher.

Leadership

A LEADER should consider a number of important things while planning a hike for young people. It is advisable, for instance, that two adults should go on the trip, so that one can take care of the group while the other takes care of the particular emergency case in question.

Definite instructions should be issued in advance of a hike as to permission, date, time and place

for starting, destination, food to be brought, cooking equipment (if necessary) and expenses for possible return fare necessary in the event of unexpected weather conditions or delays. Also an announcement of the approximate time for return. Allow for extra time so as to keep on schedule when returning.

All foot-gear is inspected before starting. The slowest hiker, especially on the return trip, heads the column. A periodic check is made of all hikers, a roll-call is made at the time of dispersal, else the hikers are checked off as they leave the party.

Program

EVERY trip for groups should be planned, however informal it may be. One or two miles is usually enough for a green group of youngsters. Keep a record of every trip taken with a photograph, sketch and an account for future reference. This information should include: date, time required, distance, cost, things observed, good turns, permission from owner, hazards, improvements, historic interest, geological data, nature study notes, program and recommendations. A narrative account, or an original bit of poetry about the trip written by a member of the party might be included while on the trip—and that is the interesting part of it—play a game or two such as roadside cribbage. One leader reported having his group look for white horse hairs along the road.



"Marshmallow Time"

Every hike might call for some special emphasis according to the season of the year and acquaintance with the territory in which it is conducted. Take your choice: historic trips to old land marks, adventure and exploration trips, collecting minerals or fossils, identifying birds, trees, flowers; studying animal tracks in winter, catching aquatic life in the spring. A starvation hike in the fall, calls for knowledge of plants and herbs, since you are expected to cook at least one complete meal from edible plant foods, collected on the trip. Barefooted hikes; bad weather and storm hikes, as a challenge to the

seasoned hiker. Physically strong hikes as a test of what can be accomplished, if need be. Emergency cross-country hikes, preparedness hikes to solve problems, obstacle hikes to overcome barriers, mobilization hikes for assembly at given time and place. Hikes for speed, using Scouts' pace with 50 paces for walking and 50 for running alternately. This serves as a measure of time and distance, namely one mile in twelve minutes. This is just the beginning of what might be done, for there are compass hikes, which follow given distances and directions; sealed-order hikes in which new situations are

developed along the way; good turn hikes to help or to protect the next wayfarer in some way which he or anyone else may never know of; early morning strolls for nature study, late evening outings to study stars, Harvest Hikes, Conservation Hikes; educational and Industrial Hikes. Whatever they be, let's hike for the sheer joy and exhilaration. The Scout Handbook says: "One can walk the woods for a half century and still find new joys therein"—and so it is.

May every bend in the trail urge you on to the next, and the next, and the next!

Stephen L. Richards

Continued from
page 587

"Cut four teeth at four months," and may we add, all of his wisdom teeth early.

"When ten years of age he drove a wagon with a hayrack loaded with furniture from Farmington to Sugar House and led a cow. Good for a ten-year-old boy."

"While sleigh-riding on an avenue in the city he was run into by a horse coming out of an alley which cut his leg badly. While they were sewing up the wound he got the other leg free and kicked the Doctor across the room." He probably would have starred as a 'soccer' player.

"While in a canyon one day he saw a fisherman with his line hooked in a tree. Seeing the difficulty Stephen said: 'Shall I shoot that limb off for you?' 'No, you can't hit it,' the worried fisherman answered. In a little while again Stephen said: 'Better let me shoot the limb off.' The man answered: 'Go away, boy, you can't do it.' But Steve persisted and finally the exasperated man said: 'Fire away, you can't hit it.' Steve knew he could and he did. 'By jove, kid, you've got a good eye. Thanks.'"

"At a rodeo he lassooed a wild horse with the first throw of the lariat."—an echo of his ranch days.

"He drove the second auto south of Provo through Bear Valley and Panguitch." That was before the days of highways or self starters. "Farmers for twenty miles around brought their families to see the auto pass on the road." It was a real curiosity in those days.

"He has since driven by auto from Boston to San Francisco."

We regret that the limits of this article are such that we cannot include numerous other experiences.

STEPHEN L. RICHARDS is an eloquent preacher. He is logical and philosophical in his thinking, with a poetic imagination, rare descriptive powers, and a clear, well modulated, oratund voice. His sermons are compact with meaning and convincing in argument. One never hears or reads his discourses on such subjects as "The Home," "The Power of Resistance," "Personality of God," "Youth," and kindred topics without being lifted up and impressed with his magnificent interpretation of "Mormonism" and his tolerant, appealing attitude toward humanity. We quote from his discourse on "Youth":

"Youth should know that obedience is not bondage but liberty — liberty under law; that the only real freedom is freedom from our weaknesses, from the vices, the remorse of conscience and the infraction of law. When youth understands that the bending of the will in obedience tends to liberty and joy, then lawlessness, disrespect, and irreverence will wane. * * *

"What a glorious age of promise youth is, when life is in the bud and early blossom, when each experience is fresh with curiosity and adventure. I think that if we may envy anything it is the life and vitality of youth. I would not rob it of its joy and its sparkle; I would only add to its richness by securing its enjoyment through the passing years. I know that a real appreciation of the gospel will do that. Gospel truth will also quicken the impulses of the spirit, and the spirit is the life of man. It unfolds new visions as knowledge increases and these new visions keep life ever new, so in the gospel life there is youth even in old age.

"God bless youth that they may understand truth and us, and God bless us that we may understand youth."

DIGNIFIED in appearance, gracious in manner, loyal to his friends and admired by them, a lover of the great outdoors and all nature, himself well educated and a devotee of education, modest and unobtrusive but with faith in the soundness and rectitude of his convictions, bringing a quiet self-assurance, devoted and supremely happy in his domestic life, successful in his work, an able lawyer, an eloquent preacher, a sagacious and far-sighted business man with a taste for politics and a talent for statesmanship and diplomacy — he is indeed a leader of men.

He belongs to the intellectual and ethical aristocracy of the world. His full allegiance and all his splendid powers are, without reserve, dedicated to the service of the great Church of which he is a *chosen apostle*.

Prize Winners

BABIES, Indian and white, are an important crop of the vast empire known as the Utah Basin, according to Erastus Peterson, County Agricultural Agent who has been one of the organizers of the Utah Basin Industrial Conference which is held each summer at Fort Duchesne.

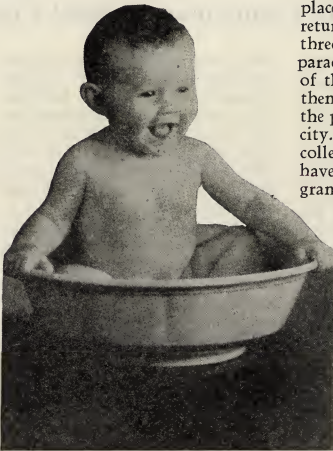
We are showing here the two prize winners of last year, one representing each race. Delsa Durfee, the little white champion seems to enjoy her popularity. She has a regular screen-star smile. But little Alfred Otto Root seems to be wondering what it is all about.

Both babies were presented to an interested multitude last summer after competent judges had given their decisions. The Daddy of Alfred Otto, a young Ute husband, seemed to be as proud of his dusky son as any of the white men could be. Who could blame him, for the little chap weighed 19 pounds at six months and was a fine specimen of young babyhood.

The U. B. I. C.—You Bet I Can—some say the initials stand for—will be held this year at Fort Duchesne early in August. People from all over the vast basin and



Alfred Otto Root
19 lbs. 6 Months.



Delsa Durfee
Born March 14, 1931.

old-timers who now reside in other places but can't resist the urge to return "home," gather to enjoy the three days conference on the shady parade ground at the old fort. Most of them take their tents and pitch them around the square making the place look like an old time tent city. Professors from the various colleges and state officials usually have the speaking parts on the program while the various communities of the Basin furnish the musical and entertainment program. The evening with the White Rocks Indian School pupils is always one of keen delight.

Everybody is welcome and lodging is free—provided you take your own tent and bed. Board is cheap if you have to buy it, but you are permitted to build your fire and get out the old fry pan if you care to.



"Buddies"

BE YOUR OWN *Life Guard*

By Genevieve Wessel Granzen

THIS does not mean a suntanned brawny life guard necessarily, with a large emblem on his suit, but one who plays absolutely safe in the water at all times. It is universally recognized that swimming is a very important item in the education of every man, woman and child, because it teaches self preservation. In addition, swimming is a most beneficial form of all 'round exercise, besides being loads of fun.

First of all, go to your doctor and have him check up on your heart and lungs. Many swimming accidents have been due to a heart condition. Then make sure you can swim. It is best to prove that to another fellow who can swim well.

When the first warm day arrives and you visit the ole swimmin' hole, don't dive right in.

Wade in first and find out whether the bottom is clear of old tree stumps and submerged floatsam. Can you imagine what would happen if you were to dive in on top of a rock? You may learn a valuable lesson, but it will not be of much use to you. Play safe, and be your own life guard.

The good old picnic lunches, consisting of assorted sandwiches, eggs, pickles and tomatoes, is oftentimes the cause of cramps. My advice is to eat very lightly, wait two hours after eating and then swim to your heart's desire. After you come out you may finish those delicious sandwiches as a reward for exercising your sense of caution. The genuine appetite, which comes after a good swim will more than make up for the slight delay.

A stomach cramp is very often brought on by entering the water

too soon after a meal. Muscle cramps are not serious and can be broken up by grasping the cramped muscle tightly with both hands. In any event, keep cool and conserve your strength and swim towards shore.

HERE'S another quite simple rule for self-saving life savers. Never, never go in swimming alone, not even if you are the world's best swimmer. Supposing you suddenly became tired or got a cramp or got mixed up with some snag or slimy sea weeds, there would be no one present to lend a hand or call for help. So swim with a friend, who will be your buddy and swim side by side never letting him get out of your sight or call.

It is an accomplishment to be able to swim across a lake, say



Days of Real Sport



The Author's Own Lake

about a mile or so, but what happens when your strength gives out. Remember, there are no floats in the middle of the lake and you have to keep going or drown.

Of course, one never swims any distance at all unless accompanied by a boat, manned by two people, one to row and the other to watch the swimmer and if you should become tired you may hang on to the boat. Don't show off to your friends by swimming out farther than your ability calls for. Be safe, allow for a margin of strength to meet the unexpected.

If you happen to get caught in a swift current, do not try to fight it but go with it and work your way to shore. In an undertow such as we have in ocean bathing, do the same thing, surrender to it and gradually work back with the breakers.

Most everyone likes to get a healthy sun tan, but some of us acquire it too suddenly, by staying in the sun too long, and what an uncomfortable, painful thing it can be. Don't expose yourself too long the first time but acquire it gradually. Vinegar! There's an old standby for treating sunburn before and after. If you are going to stay in the sun any length of time, take some cotton and soak it with plain cider vinegar and dab it over your face, neck, arms and legs and let it dry.

Do you know that many people lose their lives while swimming on the various beaches and lakes during the summer months, just because they do not heed a few simple rules and because they lose their heads. There is absolutely no reason under the sun why people should drown, if they would

only keep their wits about them. Practically everybody can float if he remains calm. And, of course, if you can float, you cannot sink.

All you have to do in order to float is to lie on your back in the water letting your head go as far back as it will and keeping your chest up. Extend the arms sideways, turn the palms down on the water and relax. Imagine that you are lying stretched out upon a bed. It is the softest bed you ever reclined upon. Don't become frightened if a little water washes over your face, it will soon run off. If it gets into your mouth, swallow it or expel it, just as you like. In the meantime, hold your breath until the body rectifies its position and your face will come clear and remain above the surface. Breathe in and breathe out very quickly, then hold the breath for a brief period. You cannot sink when the lungs are filled with air. If you happen to be one of those extremely rare persons who find it

the extra weight of the arms out of the water.

A GREAT many drowning accidents are caused by the fact that many swimmers have not been taught how to turn around in the water or to get from a vertical position to a horizontal position. A person who finds himself in such a predicament, should reach forward and drop his face into the water, which brings him back into a swimming position.

In the event that you are obliged to hike quite a distance before reaching the swimming hole, you are probably hot and tired and the first thing you want to do is to hang your clothes on a hickory tree and dive into the cool water. Swimming immediately after strenuous exercise or when the body is very warm is not a sensible thing to do, for it causes shock, chills and cramps and the consequences may prove serious. So wait until you have cooled off and while waiting you might want to make out the call of a certain bird. This will help to pass the time away.

And now, we come to another Safety Code whereby everyone can be his own Life Guard. In the first place a non-swimmer has no business in a canoe because in case of an upset he will not be trained to meet the emergency, but, if this should happen, hang on to the canoe, do not leave it. It will support you and three other persons until help arrives.

A great many canoes, especially the older ones, have seats level with the gunwales and this makes them unsteady. Take out all seats and sit or kneel on the bottom of the

(Continued on page 621)



Oh! Swallowed a Bit

difficult to float while lying motionless, paddle very slowly with your hands, being very careful not to lift your hands or arms out of the water any more than is necessary.

REMEMBER, the minute you throw your arms above the head you sink yourself, because of

1875

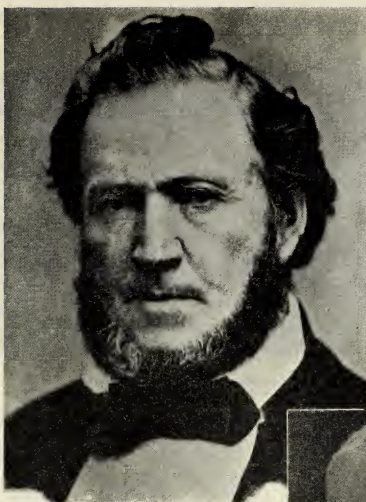
Education

Linked to a glorious past, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY, devoted to the Service of the Church, in training leaders for Latter-day field, and in providing a spiritual and intellectual sanctuary for Mormon youth.

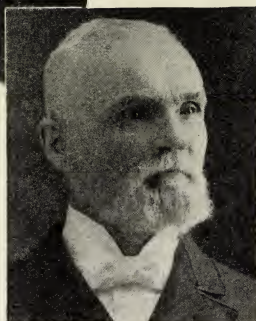
The University consecrates itself to CARRYING ON this inheritance; its faculty, trained in the leading universities of the world; its well-equipped curriculum; the marvelous natural setting for its campus; its high academic standards; admirably qualify it for its obligation as the leadership training university.

PLAN TO ENROLL FOR THE
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PRESIDENT
BRIGHAM
YOUNG



DR. KARL G. MAESER
First President of Brigham Young
University

L. D. S. EDUCATION FOUNDED

On October 16, 1875, Brigham Young, then President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, executed the now historic "Deed of Trust" which resulted in the establishment of Brigham Young Academy.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, who had received his training in German Universities, became the first administrative head of the school, and occupied that position until 1891.

The essential fact in the mind of the Founder was that this school should be devoted to teaching the secular branches of learning under the direction of the Spirit of God. In addition, the students should be taught the tenets of the Church, and imbued with a spirit of devotion and loyalty thereto.

The foundation of L. D. S. Education, which the Founders so well laid, has culminated in the present Church University, which throughout its history has come to epitomize EDUCATION AT ITS BEST.

Brigham Young University

PROVO

PREPARE FOR 1940

Every period of economic recovery has been characterized by a shortage of manpower, especially in the "upper brackets." In the past, the depressions have slowed up the educational processes with the harmful result that the nation was "caught short" in the matter of leadership when the revival period began.

The young man or woman entering college this fall will not graduate until 1936. Nobody supposes that the present economic crisis will last anywhere near that long. This year's crop of high school graduates will not begin to make their leadership felt until 1940. That look ahead should be sufficient to convince parents that their children should lose no time in securing adequate preparation for the great tasks that will face them as individuals and as members of society in the next decade.

NOW IS THE TIME to go to college.

A well-rounded education, that will emphasize spiritual values along with training in the secular branches, will best qualify young men and women for successful and happy living in the world tomorrow.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY, the friendly school, invites you to study in its halls.



THE MAESER MEMORIAL BUILDING
Built in memory of Karl G. Maeser by loving alumni and now used as the Administration Building

"TRAINING FOR SCHOLARSHIP"

1932

at its Best

ITY faces a future of prophetic promise. For fifty-six years it has been
by Saint communities, preparing men and women for the missionary
common scholarship.

inspiring tradition of social and intellectual leadership. Its excellent
equipped laboratories and lecture rooms; its great library; its broad cur-
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versity center of the Church.

THE SCHOOL YEAR 1932-33
COMMENCES SEPTEMBER 23

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THE COST OF EDUCATION

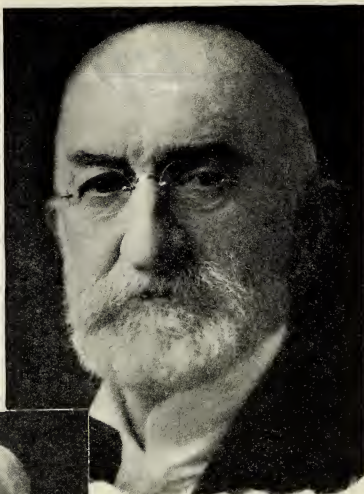
The location of Brigham Young University in the leading agricultural county of Utah makes for reasonable boarding costs for B. Y. U. students. Proportionately reasonable rents for student quarters make actual subsistence expenses at least as low as—if not lower than—that which can be secured in any other intermountain city.

Student expenses, other than living costs, are what the student makes them. The "SOCIAL UNIT" organizations are under joint faculty and student control, and no extravagant social practices are tolerated either by the faculty or the students themselves.

The University is always ready to aid the deserving student to find part time employment. Fully a third of the student-body pay part or all of their expense.

But even if Brigham Young University education cost more than that to be had in other schools—although it probably is even less costly—it would be well worth paying a premium to obtain. EDUCATION AT ITS BEST is found at the CHURCH UNIVERSITY. This means that the student is able to secure standard training in all fundamental fields of secular knowledge, plus the advantages of sympathetic and friendly counsel and aid in solving the spiritual and ethical problems which demand solution on the part of every young man and woman of college age. The "Y" extends a cordial welcome to you!

PRESIDENT
HEBER J.
GRANT



DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS
Present President of Brigham Young
University

CARRYING ON THE "Y" TRADITION

The subtle influence of BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY in molding the characters of its students has come to be known as "The Spirit of the Y." The many thousands of those who have come under its beneficent power, testify to the virtues of B. Y. U. education. The administrative heads, President Heber J. Grant, the present president of the Board of Trustees, and Dr. Franklin Stewart Harris, president of the University, are carrying on the great tradition of spiritualized education. Under their direction, Brigham Young University has been greatly expanded in its organization; the training of the faculty has been greatly enhanced; the campus has been enlarged and beautified; the new library building, has been built, and the number of volumes increased from 17,000 to more than 75,000.

More important than any physical and material growth of the University, the present administration considers the deepening and the steady expansion of the spiritual foundation of the school.



HEBER J. GRANT LIBRARY

Since 1921 its volumes have increased from 17,000 to more than 75,000

SHIP AND CHARACTER

A Trip Through a Primitive Area

By DR. RAY J. DAVIS

IN the last century man has made many changes in western America. These alterations inaugurated by civilization have in general been helpful to mankind, but some have been devastating and hurtful to nature. When the pioneers first came West they found the country in its rugged natural state. The majestic forests, the waving grass, the profusion of flowers, and the bountiful supply of fish and game were the heritage of the early settlers. Now the abundance of these things lives only in the memory of the few remaining pioneers.

Realizing the irreparable loss that the West has suffered, our Federal Government cast about to find a tract of land that most resembled the primeval conditions. After careful investigation they selected a large area in central Idaho that, due to its inaccessibility, had scarcely been touched by man. This section chosen includes roughly the water shed of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, and lies in the heart of the mountains of Central Idaho. It contains about a million acres of wild, undeveloped land.

AFTER selecting the region, action was taken to set it aside as a primitive area, and guard it in its natural state. All rights of settlement, lumbering, farming, grazing, etc., in this section have been withdrawn. There are no roads in this territory at present, nor will any likely be authorized in the near future. The Government has gone to considerable expense to protect this region from all destructive influences. Thus, this beautiful spot will be kept in its primitive condition as a future heritage for the people who love nature.

Through the courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service, a trip through this area was planned for four of us faculty members, from the Uni-

versity of Idaho, Southern Branch, of Pocatello, and what a pleasant experience it proved to be.

The rendezvous for the trip was the Idaho National Forest Office at McCall. This town lies on the shore of the beautiful Big Payette Lake, and is on the outskirts of the settled portion of Idaho. We arrived late July 17th. Since this was to be a camping trip we rejected all sophisticated beds and the dignified Executive Dean of the University and two of his professors went to sleep on a straw stack. I was on the lower side to begin with, but before daylight I had several turns at this location as well as both the others. Incidentally we picked chaff out of our blankets for the next two weeks.

THE following day we were to proceed to the entrance of the Primitive Area proper, only ninety miles away. This seemed a short journey in an auto, and we supposed that we would soon be there. To our surprise, however, the trip took the greater part of a day on account of the difficulty of approach to the region. We arrived

at Big Creek Ranger Station at the end of the road, and the beginning of the Primitive Area just at dark.

From that time on we realized that we were indeed guests, for a sumptuous supper waited for us. This courtesy was afforded us at each ranger station on the trip, for a message was telephoned ahead and meals were prepared for our party. The finest horses, pack outfits and camp equipment in the region were also furnished us. The supervisor of the forest, Mr. S. C. Scribner, personally accompanied us as our guide, and Art Francis, the best packer in the service, went along with a string of mules to care for our bedding and supplies.

After a good night's rest, we arose early, ate a generous breakfast, and each one prepared his personal belongings for the trip. I was detained some time getting my presses ready for collecting plants and when I finally came out of the station house, Art had most of the material packed on the mules. The other members of the party were busy adjusting saddles.

When we started Chief took the lead, and behind him he led Jigs, his mule, carrying an emer-



"And so we rode through the forest"



Resting in camp after a hard day ride



Our Pack train crossing Big Creek

agency pack so in case of a fire outbreak the Supervisor could leave the party. Vic followed, waving an insect net over his head, giving the onlookers the impression that he was an entomologist. I came next with my plant case hanging across my shoulders; however this served varied purposes later. Rhody followed with two large saddle bags fastened on his horse to carry rock specimens that he alleged he was going to collect. Immediately behind him was a visitor from Oregon, Andy, whistling to the top of his voice, and anticipating nothing but a good time, which he faithfully carried out. However, in his unpretentious way, as we traveled, he kept us informed on the bird life of the region. Art was next in line with his dog, and leading ten mules all packed to the limit. Dean, who had temporarily fallen out of line to take a moving picture strip of the start, came racing up using all his knowledge of psychology in attempting to pass each of us in order to get one place nearer the head of the procession.

So we rode, not always of course in the above arrangement, but on we went through the forest. Sometimes up hill, then down, sometimes along a dashing mountain stream: in a deep canyon, or high up along a small creek, but always we rode between the majestic trees. Sometimes these were firs, sometimes spruces, but more often they were some specie of pine. Some of the trees were small and some were very large, but always the forest was with us.

Late in the afternoon we came to our first camping place, Mosquito Spring, and it was named correctly. Dean and I had mos-

quito nets for our heads which we were glad to bring into use. As Dean wore his he remarked at intervals, "Gall Dern, this is the first joke I ever had on a mosquito." However, this was the only time we had occasion to wear these nets on the trip.

Upon our arrival at this place we began preparations for the night.

DEAN, Vic, and I made us a "pine bough" bed under the direction of everyone present. A heavy foot log and two side logs were put in place. Spruce branches were then cut. After due argumentation the majority agreed these made the best bed. These boughs were carefully placed until they were almost a foot deep and only the tips of the branches were exposed. Our bedding was spread out on top. We three then expressed ourselves that the bed could not be improved, but there was some difference of opinion the next morning, however.

The second day out, we came to Fish Lake and it was suggested that Vic and I try to catch a mess of fish for supper. We put our tackles together and went down to the lake. Upon casting in we began pulling out mountain trout from eight to twelve inches long. We remarked to each other that it would have been great to have been a pioneer and had fishing like this everywhere. In a half hour of angling we became ashamed of ourselves and quit, for we had caught fifty-six speckled beauties. Upon our return to camp the various members of the party gave us their honest opinion of each of us for supplying the camp for several days with fish, thereby making it

impossible for them to fish until the present supply had been eaten.

The next day we rode to Chamberlain Basin, the "Mecca" of game hunters. We had seen previously an abundance of small game, and an occasional elk and herd of deer. To our surprise, however, we saw tracks of these animals everywhere in this locality, and in places the earth had been beaten into dust by their hoofs. The next morning Art awoke us at daylight in order to see the animals that had collected about our camp during the night. We were surprised to see deer in all directions, but as soon as we began moving about most of them bounded away. A few of the more daring ones, however, stood around and watched us prepare breakfast. Incidentally I might add that scarcely a night passed that we did not have game come into our camp. Elk and deer were very plentiful, while we occasionally saw a mountain sheep or goat. Bears and especially cougars were also numerous enough to make life uncertain for the other animals of the region.

We all decided that the government had made no mistake in selecting this area to be set aside as best representing the wild life of the early days when game was plentiful.

BEFORE leaving Chamberlain Basin we remarked that we would like to catch one of those huge salmon that we had heard so much about. Slim, the assistant ranger located at this place, provided us with two spears for this purpose. These salmon spears appeared to be a cross between a pitchfork and a garden spade, ex-

cept they had extra long poles for handles. With these implements and our moving picture camera we fishermen proceeded to the creek a short distance away. A large hole was selected under whose banks it was thought salmon lurked. Dean agreed to film the catch, while Vic and I were elected to wield the spears. The others were to keep out of the water and take long poles and urge the fish from under the banks out into the open.

One of us two spear men was located in the middle of the stream at each end of the hole and action began. After plenty of exercise on the part of the polemen and much shivering by us in the creek, a nice salmon was chased out and came straight for me. I stood admiring his size and speed so much that my fishing was neglected, which drew disgusted remarks from the other fellows. Mr. Fish darted back under the bank and the process had to be started all over. When a fish was frightened out again there was a din of directions shouted at Vic and me regarding the art of spearing. Amid the excitement Vic took a shot and missed, but turned the salmon in my direction. I too tried, but all I accomplished was a neat dive into the center of the hole and a hasty swim out again.

Someone on the bank yelled that the fish was starting down over a long rifle. Off we went pell mell after him. Everyone, including the photographer, jumped into the creek clothes and all and tried to stop him. Some began hitting with their clubs, others used their hands, while Vic and I, through great skill and greater good luck, managed to miss the fellows and also the fish. However, our numbers were too great and we were able to close in on him and catch him just before he got down into the next hole.

DURING this process we lost one salmon spear and only by good fortune saved the other. Of course we spear men maintained that it was not due to excitement, but bad luck that the spears had escaped us. There was an immediate difference of opinion on this point, but the argument stopped suddenly when it was discovered that Dean had become so interested in the fishing that he had forgotten to run the moving picture camera. However, he soon

retrieved his loss of standing with most of the crowd by filming me as I was taking an innocent bath in the creek.

We guessed the fish's weight all the way from eighteen to thirty pounds, but some of us were disappointed later when we reached the station and weighed him to find that he was only a nineteen and three-fourths pounder. However, our enthusiasm returned when we started eating the meat for it was the finest salmon steak I had ever tasted.

After several days more travel into the heart of the territory we saw no less than twenty-five of these fish in one hole, some of which dwarfed our previous catch. Since we could supply our need of fish with trout most any place, and could not keep these large fish fresh for any length of time, we only looked and longed that we could try the excitement over again.

After leaving Chamberlain Basin we traveled three days before coming to the Black Butte "Look-Out." We had passed several of these stations before, but this one was of especial interest. It was located on the highest peak in the vicinity and commanded a view of most of the Middle Fork section. Consequently, we spent some time visiting with the man located at this place.

WHILE here the system for fighting forest fires was explained to us. We were told that the men stationed at these "Look-Outs" were on constant duty and never left their post. In the event smoke is seen they immediately telephone the information to

headquarters. Besides these men at the Look-Outs, other men called "Smoke Chasers" were located all through the forest. The closest one of these chasers is telephoned if smoke is seen. It is his duty to survey the fire and put it out by himself if possible. In the event the fire is too large he is to gather all information concerning it and report this fact to headquarters. The Forest Ranger on whose district the fire is located, then summons the help necessary and starts for the scene. The closest "Packer" is also given this same information and it is his duty to get tents, bedding, food, and equipment from the closest cache and pack them to the fire locality. The supplies in these caches are brought in as early in the season as possible and stored for such emergencies.

We had also noted a single telephone wire following along most of the trails, and by means of a portable telephone, the chief was able to keep in constant touch with men in all parts of the forest. During stormy periods the employees were noted to always be on a tension. Chief often paced back and forth during a thunder shower and in anxiety would say, "I wonder if a fire has started." Each man seemed to feel it his personal obligation to preserve this area from all destructive forces. Later, at the close of our trip, we learned that several fires had been started that day. A month after this we were still reading of two of the same fires; the thousands of acres they had burned over; the hundreds of men employed to fight them; and the tremendous expense the government had to go to in order to keep them from spreading over the entire country.

We were anxious to see the box canyon of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, for we had been informed that only two parties had ever traversed its forty mile length. The problem, however, arose of getting there, for the country was very rough, and there were no well defined trails. The Chief said there had been a trail mapped down Goat Creek to Big Creek that would be passable, and from this point we would have to walk the remaining five miles to the canyon proper.

At last we came to the rim of the canyon and could see Big

Jest For Fun

By Aubrey J. Parker

Gandhi, according to his early life story was a real boy. It is said that just before leaving for school he would say to his mother, "Where's 'ma hat ma'?"

* * *

The Boy Scout after having performed his daily good turn was surprised to hear the recipient of it say, "Thanks a lot, with a house on it."

* * *

At an Idaho L. D. S. Church Priesthood meeting, the following was given: The question was, "Where is Hell and where is Paradise?"

Answer: Hell is the middle of *Shelley*; Paradise (Dance Hall) is five miles to the south.

Creek, our next camping place, several miles below us in a deep canyon. We started down but soon found that we had a harder job than we had imagined. The canyon wall was too steep to descend directly, so we had to zig zag back and forth for a mile or so to keep our horses upright. Soon we came to a series of ledges that looked impossible for horses to descend. The Chief spent some time reconnoitering; then leading his mount, started down a small crevice between two ledges that appeared impossible to us. We dismounted and followed with great misgivings. The horses showed the results of their previous training, however, for they readily jumped from ledge to ledge, climbed around jagged points and occasionally slid down steep loose places. Once or twice their weight caved off slender projections and they had to right themselves as they fell, but they always managed to take care of themselves about as well as we did. Late in the afternoon, after one of the wildest and most exciting trips I have ever taken on horse back, we reached the bottom. Surely Goat Creek was named correctly for only a wild mountain goat ought ever to try the descent.

THE next day some of the group planned on walking the five miles down to the Middle Fork to see the box canyon. Dean packed up the food, Andy, the fishing tackle, and I carried the moving picture camera. The other members of the party climbed down part way with us, then we three went on alone. After almost four hours of strenuous hiking we came to the junction of Big Creek and the Middle Fork. Dean stopped at this point to fish, while Andy and I went on down into the box canyon. The water was extremely low, so we were able to travel for a couple of miles without much difficulty. Finally we came to a sharp bend in the canyon where the river formed a whirl pool against a large cliff. By removing my clothes I was able to wade along a narrow ledge and go on around the bend. My progress was soon stopped unless I wanted to risk swimming down the dashing stream. I could see no break in the canyon walls for some miles, and since my clothes were already a half mile behind me I decided it

was time to stop. I contented myself with taking some three hundred feet of moving picture film of the gigantic yellow pines, the perpendicular towering cliffs overhead, the long deep canyon downstream, and the enchanting river.

As I strained my eyes to see through the purple haze in the distance, a title, "The River of No Return," which I had previously heard applied to this stream, sank deeper and deeper into my consciousness, and I sat and dreamed. I longed to explore its fascinating length and to see the massive walls that stood guard over it, but I had to be content with imagining the sights to be seen and the excitement to be experienced should I try those dangerous rapids. I drank in the stillness and solitude of it all, for I was alone with nature as the creator had left it.

I came to my senses with a start as I noticed the sun well on its way towards the western rim of the canyon, and hunger made me realize that I had had nothing to eat since before sunrise. I hastily returned to my clothes, dressed, and in company with Andy, who had made a nice catch of fish in my absence, returned to the mouth of Big Creek where we had left Dean. Upon asking him where the food was he said Vic was carrying it the last time he saw it, but that he thought one of us had brought it on when the other members of the party stopped. The result was that we each had three half apricots from a small individual sized can that Andy had slipped in his pocket that morning. Since the day was terrifically hot we concluded the repast with a cool drink of water before commencing the return climb.

WE had not gone far when I slipped and twisted my knee



Photo by Ruth Baker, Boulder, Utah.
"On Boulder Mountain"

that had been previously injured, and this accompanied with the heat made me sick. There was nothing to do, however, but to go as best we could. Andy hastened ahead to tell the others that nothing serious was wrong and that we would be in later. To make bad matters worse we had to keep a sharp look-out for rattle snakes. We had killed an occasional one during the day, but as evening came on they seemed to come out in all their hideousness. In less than a half a mile in one section we killed six that lay coiled up in our path ready to strike. We also saw the remains of the carcasses of two deer that had been killed and partially eaten by cougars. I was becoming more and more aware that there was another side to being out alone with nature.

I realized that if I got much worse we would have to spend the night out. Although I had no particular fear of this, especially with Dean as company, yet I would have been glad, under the conditions, to have been in a less primitive area. The exaltation experienced earlier in the day was all gone and in its place was a temporary longing to get away from mountains, trees, and rivers, and quietly lie down on my bed at home and enjoy the comforts of civilization.

Our return trip to headquarters at McCall was uneventful. Upon arrival we began loading our personal belongings into the car preparatory to the trip home. Many valuable specimens of rocks, insects and plants that we had collected during the trip were also carefully packed. The whole trip had given us some idea of the physical endurance that the Pioneers must have possessed to push into the West.

The Forest Service is certainly doing a fine piece of work. We departed after expressing these sentiments to Chief Scribner and Art, along with some personal remarks of appreciation for the delightful trip. Surely our government is to be congratulated on its move to protect, in its primitive condition, some place that shows the heritage of the Pioneers, even though the area set aside is comparatively small.



Two Bits About Youth

By Virginia Eggertson

1

YOUTH stands with her face
Pressed against a pane
That chills her cheek,
And tries to see the awful splendour
Of the storm without.
But she cannot see
Through the mist
Her warm breath makes.

2

The newness of this will be
thence, soon:
New romance comes with each change
of the moon,
And one can dance to any old tune.

Stranger Towns

By Bess Foster Smith

WHEN we pass through some little
stranger town,
I look about and say with fretful frown,
"My, such a lonely, dreary little berg!
Uninteresting and dull, Upon my Word!"

And then I feel a homesick little tear,
And sigh, "I'm very glad I don't live
here!"
Then you just smile, and never say a
word,
As though you, too, knew of a spot pre-
ferred.

It isn't that I'm city bred, Ah no!
Our home town is as small, I guess, but
Oh—
It seems to me a thousand times more
fair—
Because with you—I have contentment
there.

"Leave Me My Dreams"

By Lillian Davidson

LEAVE me my dreams. Whatever else
I lose
Will never leave my life as bare as
this—
To lose the dreams from which I daily
choose
The things, which I, in life, each day
must miss.

My dreams of greatness—honor—joy—
or love—
That takes away the dreary, common
things.

My dreams, when I forget this sad old
earth,
To lift my heart, and gaily, gladly sing.

Oh life without my dreams—What would
it be?

An empty void. Dull, drab, and com-
mon-place.

I want to keep them all, 'til I shall see
My dreams all meet me—somewhere—
face to face.

View of Bear Lake Valley

By Leone E. McCune

OPAL hills!

A lake of indigo,
White stretch of sandy shore,
Green grassy slopes, tree studded mounds,
Gardens, fields and little towns,
And mountains, rising, on and on.

Alaskan Summertime

By Mark Hart

1

IN this northern polar garden
Let me muse throughout the day:
See the salmon berries blooming,
Like the rare wild rose in May;
Hear the fish ducks honking gaily,
Whistling o'er the mirrored bay,
Watch them skim the placid channel,
Making undulations play.

2

Let me wind on trailing pathways,
With the smooth brook gliding by;
Brooks that once were singing cascades,
Thrown from 'pending cliffs on high;
Torn by rocks to shreds and ribbons,—
To a tapestry of foam
Slowly falling like the snowflakes,
To its summer haunts to roam.

3

Let me climb the towering mountains
Where the spruce and hemlocks grow;
Paths adorn'd with ferns and lilies,
Flowering moss and shrubs enow;
Then above the green-garbed hills,
Into fields of light blue snow;
Glaciers wrapped in mists of silver,
Lightly tinged with indigo.



On Great Salt Lake

Back to My Hills

By Geo. K. Lewis

I'M riding back to the hills again,
Back to the wakening hills again;
A touch of frost is in the air, faint
mist is in the sky
To dim the ragged, broken crest
Of summits towering in the west;—
I'm riding to the misted hills kissed by
a springtime sky.

I'm riding the same trails I roved
In sun and rain, the trails I loved,
Trails that lead me back to where I
learned of wind and sky:
Sunrise, sunset, twilight trails,
Dusky, moon and noon-bright trails
Are springtime morning trails as I
ride out to find the sky.

Each turn brings back old memories,
There is a sound of bird and breeze
Where towering pine and budding aspen
reach to greet the sky.
I'll follow on past grove and ledge
To where, beyond the saddle's edge,
On some high ridge whet by the wind
I'll stand and meet the sky!

To Lois . . .

By Watene Mahaia

YOU ask me, dear, to write a verse for
you;
But where are words to tell my thoughts
so true
Of you, who skyward call as bird on
wing,
Too high above to hear the song I'd
sing?

Yet, though I cannot reach you midst
the spheres,
Still melodies of night rise to your ears
And soft winds sigh the age-old song of
sea
These and my silence, dearest, speak for
me!

Blue Pastures

By Jack Falk

WE counted the sheep, my mother
and I.
The sheep were little white clouds in the
sky.
The shepherd, she said, was the wind from
the West,
Who pressed his flock to the East for rest.

We counted the wolves, my mother and I.
The wolves were clouds in a lowering sky.
The shepherd became an angry gale
And drove off the wolves with volleys of
hail.

There are no wolves in the sky today.
While the sheep are grazing, lambkins play
At the skirts of a thin and silvery cloud.
"She shepherds them now," drones the
wind half aloud.

Review of the 37th Annual M. I. A. June Conference

By HENRY A. SMITH

"This conference to me is as an oasis in the desert to a weary traveler."

IN these words, President Anthony W. Ivins gave a most perfect description of the thirty-seventh annual June conference, of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, held in Salt Lake City Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 10, 11 and 12.

From the first song to the final benediction the M. I. A. conference just past was a spiritual feast. Truly it was an oasis where officers and members of the vast Mutual organizations were gathered to refresh their minds and spirits and to acquire anew the courage and determination to "carry on" to still higher goals.

As a spring bubbles forth clear cool water to refresh the weary traveler, the June conference of 1932 radiated the elixir of life—food for the mind, food for the spirit and food for the body.

The first, food for the mind, was had in abundance in the many educational meetings where last year's problems and this year's program were the topics of discussion. Here the lofty educational ideals of the entire M. I. A. were to be seen at their best, for here assembled, were the



"Come to the Rally of the Nations"—Ireland and Holland.

leaders whose responsibility it is to uphold these ideals and to inspire their associates and followers to still greater efforts.

MANY were the spiritual feasts of the conference, where the individual spirit was bolstered and strengthened. Each person whether young or old, returned to his or

her home following the final session of the conference, with a stronger and more abiding faith in the guiding hand of their Father in Heaven, and knowing that His Holy Spirit had indeed been with and had inspired all.

Never before have the activity and entertainment features of an M. I. A. June conference been so heartily received and so universally participated in. From the reception at Saltair to the grand music festival the recreation program of the conference was complete.

In almost every respect the three day event was the most outstanding and inspirational in the history of M. I. A.

It would be a difficult task to segregate the major influences contributing to the success of the conference, much less point to one which stood out above anything else, unless one might say it was the characteristic loyalty of M. I.

A. workers and members throughout the Church. These faithful ones attended their meetings by the thousands, giving inspiration to the leaders.

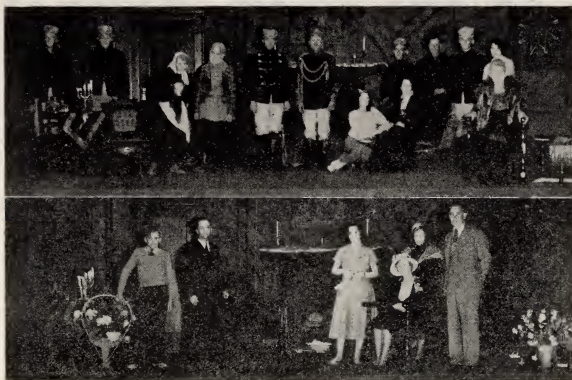
THERE was hardly a meeting of the conference but that had a record attendance. From the first session held Friday, June 10, at 10 a. m. in the Assembly Hall, attendance



Flag Ceremony at the Planting of the Washington Memorial Tree.



Vanguard, M Men, and Cleaner Girl Public Speakers and Junior Retold Story Tellers who came to the Church Finals.



Dramatic casts of Blackfoot (above) and Carbon (below) Stakes who were runners up in the finals.

records were broken. Superintendent George Albert Smith who, with President Ruth May Fox, presided at the conference, remarked that the attendance at the first meeting was by far the largest ever to gather for an opening session of an annual M. I. A. conference.

These two leaders, Superintendent Smith and President Fox, have never before been so enthusiastic and inspiring in their presiding capacities. With such leadership in these two and their assistants, Richard R. Lyman, Melvin J. Ballard, Lucy Grant Cannon and Clarissa A. Beesley, together with the splendid corps of men and women composing the two general boards, all were made to feel the wonderful future in store for their organization.

Another contributing factor to the success of the June conference was the presence of President Heber J. Grant at a number of the sessions. President Grant spoke briefly at two earlier meetings of the conference and was one of four principal speakers at the Sunday afternoon services in the Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT GRANT has long been a member and official of the Y. M. M. I. A. and now holds the distinction of being one of the two surviving members of the first Mutual Improvement Association organized for the young men of the Church. The other man is Hyrum H. Goddard, of Ogden, who was also in attendance at the conference.

The counsel and advice given by President Grant were encouraging and inspiring to the thousands within hearing of his voice.

M. I. A. GENERAL BOARDS

Seated: Center, President Heber J. Grant; left, George Albert Smith, General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A.; right, Melvin J. Ballard, Second Assistant General Superintendent, (Richard R. Lyman, First Assistant General Superintendent, was absent from the city).

Standing (left to right): Oscar A. Kirkham, executive secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A., Alma C. Clayton, Homer C. Warner, Franklin S. Harris, Ephraim E. Erickson, John D. Giles, George R. Hill, Lewis T. Cannon, Nicholas G. Morgan, George Q. Morris, Heber C. Iverson, Thomas Hull, Harrison R. Merrill, Herbert B. Maw, LeRoy C. Snow, Nicholas G. Smith, Thomas A. Beal, Ernest P. Horsley, D. E. Hammond, Don C. Wood, Axel A. Madsen, John H. Taylor, Stringham A. Stevens, John F. Bowman, James Gunn McKay, Joseph F. Smith, W. O. Robinson, Wilford Owen Woodruff.

Seated: Center, Ruth May Fox, General President of the Y. L. M. I. A.; left, Lucy Grant Cannon, First Counselor; right, Clarissa A. Beesley, Second Counselor.

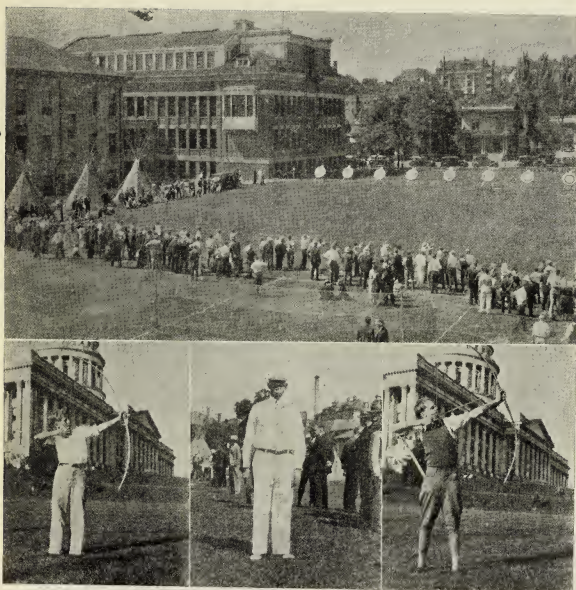
Standing (left to right): Emily C. Adams, Rachel G. Taylor, Elsie T. Brandley, Katie C. Jensen, Sarah R. Cannon, Marie C. Thomas, Charlotte Stewart, Augusta W. Grant, Catherine Folsom, Evangeline T. Beesley, Ann M. Cannon, Elsie Hogan, Rose W. Bennett, Vida F. Clawson, Emily H. Higgs.



The high spot in cultural history of the M. I. A. as well as one of the outstanding accomplishments in all Church history, was attained in the presentation of a mass chorus of 2,852 voices, in the Tabernacle, Saturday evening, June 11.

It is impossible adequately to express in words the impression made upon the thousands of conference visitors who crowded the famous building to capacity, and were literally thrilled with the singing of the young men and women. These singers were the "cream of the crop" throughout the Church. It was an impressive sight and one that will never be forgotten in M. I. A. annals.

The entire choir section of the Tabernacle was filled with male singers, and the ladies were apportioned to the two tiers of seats on each side of the pulpit and to the balcony on each side nearly half way to the back of the building. It was an awe-inspiring sight.



Above: Ready for the Archery Contest, June Conference.

Below, left to right: Elliott Airmet, Church Champion Archer, Dr. L. D. Pfoutz, Field Captain, Phillip Thompson, Winner of Clout Shoot.

Too much credit cannot be given to the music directors of the M. I. A., J. Spencer Cornwall, Evangeline T. Beesley and Ethel S. Anderson and to Noble Cain, who came to Salt Lake from Chicago as the guest conductor of the chorus. In the two days that these leaders had the gigantic chorus in hand for rehearsal and training, they molded them into the near perfect singing organization that presented one of the finest concerts ever held in the Tabernacle.

THE program was one of pleasing variety culminating in the heavier and more impressive selections, "Sanctus" and "An Ode to Youth." This latter selection was a composition especially prepared for the concert by J. Spencer Cornwall with text by Elsie Talmage Bradley, associate editor of the *Improvement Era*. It took the audience of nearly ten thousand people by storm and the applause at the conclusion was deafening.

Alexander Schreiner, Tabernacle Organist, who accompanied the chorus on the organ and who played

a solo number, won the praise of Mr. Cain and all associated with the concert and the appreciation of the audience. A wonderful tribute was paid the singers and the entire M. I. A. organization, when the final four numbers including the two mentioned, were sent out over the entire nation by means of a large national radio hookup.

The chorus of singers revealed a true picture of months of hard and careful training in their various wards and stakes during the past season, and too much credit cannot be given the stake and ward directors for their excellent work and untiring effort for the assurance of success at this grand final undertaking. It was an epoch-making event and many are looking forward for it to be scheduled again in some future conference.

Five other outstanding features of the conference, without any attempt to place them in order of importance, were the officers' luncheon Friday noon in the historic Bee-Hive house; the general board's reception and dance finals at Saltair Friday afternoon and evening; the testimony meeting Sunday morning; the 2 p. m. Sunday services in the Tabernacle under the direction of Presidents Grant and Ivins, and the inspiring Sunday evening meeting, which concluded the conference.

Throughout all these meetings and into the department and group sessions, the theme of the conference was carried out. The theme, "The Opportunity of the Hour, to Enrich Leisure, To Spiritualize Recreation," is more than appropriate at the present time—it is really necessary, as was pointed out by speakers and department leaders.

Superintendent George Albert Smith called the conference to order at 10 a. m. Friday morning. He declared it was with a heart filled with gratitude that he viewed the presence of so many with smiling faces despite conditions. He expressed pleasure at the response of M. I. A. officers and members during the past year stating that never before had such loyal support been given. His important mes-



President A. W. Ivins, presenting to General Superintendent George Albert Smith, historic Indian stone spearhead from old Mexican ruins to be presented to Champion Archer.

sage to the M. I. A. was for them to love the Lord, keep His commandments, promising them blessings as leaders in Zion if they would so do.

President Fox in her address of welcome urged simple faith upon the people, telling them above all to hold on to that foremost principle of the Gospel. She reviewed the work of the Y. L. M. I. A. departments stating that each had experienced its greatest year in activities and accomplishments. President Fox concluded with an appeal for continued faith, saying, "God has given us leaders, watchmen in Zion, to counsel and guide us. Let us support them and take the counsel of the leaders of the Church."

Oscar A. Kirkham, executive secretary of the M. I. A., introduced the conference theme, saying that it had been in the course of preparation for several months by a committee of general board members. He stated that the M. I. A. had been given a distinctive work to do as a Church auxiliary, hence the adoption of the theme for the conference.)

"I am a convert to the belief that real happiness is in service," President Grant declared. He said he did not believe he would stand in his present position as head of the Church had he not had a desire to give service when fifty odd years ago he was made an officer of the Mutual Improvement Association.

THE beloved Church leader stressed the importance of service and of knowing what is pleasing in the sight of the Lord, saying if he could implant the spirit of humility in the young people of the Church and the desire to serve and honor their parents, he knew they would grow in the spirit of God. When such is not the case they are walking on dangerous ground, he concluded.

The remainder of the first session was given over to the presentation of a playlet, "The Improvement Era, the Voice of the M. I. A.," a winning road show act by the Sugar House ward of the Grants stake.

At Saltair Friday evening, all present subdivided into groups by nationality and headed by a costumed member of the general board, more than 1,200 M. I. A.

workers enjoyed the "rally of the nations" and the luncheon provided on the occasion by the M. I. A. Then all went to the dance floor of the resort for the annual dance finals.

Here eighteen couples gathered from all parts of the Church, participated in one of the most colorful finals ever held. They represented the following stakes and missions, Utah, Oquirrh, North Davis, Boxelder, Grant, Nebo, Parowan, Sevier, Benson, Pocatello, Fremont, Boise, Los Angeles, San Luis, Taylor, Carbon, San Francisco stakes and the Northwestern States mission.

Score one for the missions, for the only mission group represented in the dance walked off with first place honors. They were William Y. Powell and Nellie Baker of Portland, Ore., representing the Northwestern States mission. The decision was universally well received and the young couple were congratulated on every hand. The introduction of the new Gold and Green Fox Trot, contest dance for next year, by W. O. Robinson, field secretary of the M. I. A. and Miss Hales, was the conclusion of a very successful evening.

Dancing was then enjoyed by many hundreds of M. I. A. visitors.

SATURDAY, June 11, was a busy day for everyone. It began with a general session in the Assembly Hall at 9 a. m. After singing of two selections by the Bee-Hive girls of Liberty stake, Clarissa A. Beesley, second counselor to President Fox, in the Y. L. M. I. A. general presidency, gave a brief but thorough discussion of the 1932-33 community activity program. She discussed the several important changes in organization and activity as outlined in the supplement to the M. I. A. handbook, and urged that all make careful study and preparation for carrying on the work. The coming season will see the M. I. A. launched upon the second year of its three year educational recreation program, and its successful completion was urged.

Following this discussion, an M. I. A. "sing," introducing Gold and Green and M. I. A. songs was held under the direction of J. Spencer Cornwall, Evangeline T. Beesley, W. O. Robinson, and Alfred M. Durham.

This general session was followed by department meetings.

ONE of the most interesting department meetings was that of the Era and Publicity group, held

(Continued on page 628)

National Broadcasting Co., Inc.
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Kirkham:

After having had time to absorb the aftermath of the singing the other evening I feel that I am now in as calm a frame of mind as possible and perhaps ready to say a few things to you and the singers which will be taken at their face value and not charged to recent enthusiasm.

To say that I was inspired by their work is putting it mildly. Every night since then I have gone through many of those numbers in my memory and I can still hear the way they sounded. They lifted me up to great heights into a glory that is not of this world and which only those who experience it can understand.

Will you thank all of those fine people who joined in with us for their work and tell them that I bear them in my heart with earnest good wishes. I hope they will have been perhaps moved to continue the work and that all that is good and constructive will contribute to their efforts.

I should like to have grasped the hand of many hundreds whom I saw looking back into my face as I swept my glance over the group. Let not any of them feel that they were unimportant and not worth my time to stop and talk with and know them. They are all dear souls and I have learned to love them individually and collectively. The contact established will, I am sure, not be broken in this world or the next. I feel their presence with me many times and my heart goes back to them.

All good wishes to you

(Signed) NOBLE CAIN.

Book



Reviews

"There is no frigate like a book
to bear us lands away . . ."

—Emily Dickinson.

Sunlit Peaks

An Anthology of Idaho Verse

Compiled and Edited by Bess Foster Smith

(The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho)

SUNLIT PEAKS, Idaho's first anthology of verse, is a volume containing one hundred sixty poems written by ninety-eight Gem State poets, edited and compiled by Bess Foster Smith, herself a poet of Weiser, Idaho.

In addition to the poems, the volume contains short biographical sketches of the authors. This feature alone makes the book unusually interesting and worthwhile to those interested in western culture.

Mrs. Smith has surveyed her field and has selected what she considers to be representative poems from the pens of Idahoans regardless of the age of the

authors. There are poems from people well over seventy and others from sophomores in college.

Either because the Boise valley has produced more poetry than other sections of the state or because Mrs. Smith was able to secure poetry more easily from the more or less "local" writers, that section of the country is best represented. Much of the verse has made its appearance before in other publications including newspapers and magazines of the West as well as a few sophisticated eastern publications.

The verse in general is good, but it lacks that sophistication which some people like in poetry. It will, however, have a definite appeal to those who enjoy regular verse form and rhymed philosophy. Mrs. Smith quotes William Dean Howell in her foreword as saying, "What is unpretentious and

true is always beautiful and good, and nothing else is so." These poems, in the main, are "unpretentious and true."

The Caxton Printers, Ltd., have done a splendid job of bookmaking. The little volume is attractively printed and bound and appears in a most striking blue and gold jacket.

We quote the title poem by Bess Foster Smith:

SUNLIT PEAKS

When red men saw
The sunlit peaks aglow,
Their cry arose,
"Behold! our Ed-dah-how!"

Now to their cry
An answering echo speaks,
To tell to all
We, too, love sunlit peaks.
—H. R. Merrill.

Twenty-five Best Short Stories

By CLAYTON JENKINS

IT would be much easier to choose one hundred stories or even fifty than to select only twenty-five and say: these are the best. Such a limited list eliminates many of the finest stories, but if the twenty-five I have picked are not the "best" in the world, no one, I think, will dispute the fact that they are all great stories and among the best that were ever written.

A story to be great must give a true interpretation of life in a manner or form that makes it interesting and satisfying; it should have lasting qualities in order that it can be understood and enjoyed in any period of time. Such a story is "The Matron of Ephesus" written over eighteen hundred years ago by Petronius as a part of his Satyricon.

Such a story, also, is Chekov's modern masterpiece "The Darling." The experiences of the characters in these stories are understandable and interesting to us now as they were to read-

ers two thousand years ago in Petronius's time. They are "timeless" and a true "criticism of life."

A Book

By Wilford D. Lee

A MAGIC chest lies here, each crimson lid

A horizon, two ruby tinted lines
Stretching away into eternity;
Each page a mile of road, each line a deed,
Each word a friendly figure of romance
To bless my lonesome hour,
Oh let me sail away to the isle of dreams
Where honey-scented flowers fill the air
With magic perfume;
Or let me creep with shivery delight
Through caverns of mystery
Breath-taking intrigue;
Or let me pace the solemn haunts of life
With gentle tread, unfolding visions of
delights
Or plumbing depths of sorrow
Walking with Kings and fools into the
infinite.

My list is made after reading thousands of stories, dating back to 3000 B. C. to the anonymous Egyptian tale "Anpu and Bata," one of the finest examples of the short story in existence and covering literature from every language down to contemporary Galsworthy and Kipling. I have recently re-read a hundred or so of these famous stories.

The first group, by English writers, includes Kipling's, "The Phantom Rickshaw," the best of many superb stories by this master story teller. Hardy is represented with "The Three Strangers" and Stevenson by "A Lodging for the Night"—both grand stories that have justly earned their fame and popularity. Hudson's "El Ombu" is not so well known but this tale of the Buenos Ayres Pampas, symbolized by a tree, like his matchless novel, "Green Mansions," ranks as the best of its kind. It is said that Theodore Roosevelt considered "El Ombu" the finest short story ever written. "The First and the Last" by Galsworthy I like even better than

"Quality" or "The Apple Tree" and that is high praise indeed. "The Fly," by Katherine Mansfield, a brilliant writer who died too soon, is a powerful little story that you may try to forget but probably will not. Conrad rounds out the British authors with "The Secret Sharer." There is so little difference in merit between this story and "Youth" or "Heart of Darkness" that you can take your choice.

The French list is headed by Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," better, I think, than the more famous "Necklace" or "The Piece of String." There are few stories, if any, that surpass this tale of Tallow Ball, the French girl who received such shabby reward for her generous sacrifice. Next is Prosper Merimee's faultless story "Mateo Falcone" often called the cruelest story in the world and told with the reticence and detachment that characterize this gifted Frenchman. Anatole France contributes the unique "Procurator of Judea" done in his cultured, sophisticated style with the inimitable ending: "Pontius Pilate contracted his brows—Jesus? he murmured, 'Jesus of Nazareth? I cannot call him to mind.'" Villier de l'Isle Adam's "The Torture by Hope" depicts expertly the refined cruelty of the Spanish Inquisition. Balzac's "best" is hard to choose because he has several about equally good, but "An Episode Under the Terror" is a first-rank story. So also is Flaubert's "A Simple Soul."

Russia has supplied a galaxy of short story writers: Garshin, Pushkin, Tolstoy, Kuprin, Korolenko, though not represented here, all have important stories to their credit. Gogol with "The Cloak" was the first to "truly strike the Russian note of deep sympathy for the disinherited" and to set the pattern for subsequent writers, but it was Anton Chekov who perfected the art and became the supreme master in Russia and one of the greatest short story writers in the world.

"The Darling," I think, is the best of Chekov's stories. Little known is Andreyev's "Abyss" and not a pleasant story, but it is powerful, masterful writing and once read will never be forgotten. Turgenev's, "The District Doctor," is a poignant story, typically Russian and beautifully written. "Twenty-Six Men and a Girl" by Maxim Gorky tells how rosy, radiant Tanya brought sunshine and joy to the "little prisoners" in the baker's cellar and how they misjudged and reviled her so that "the sun never peeped in the windows and Tanya came no more."

Rome and Germany are represented each with one story. Petronius with the immortal "Matron of Ephesus;" and Germany with "The Fury" by Paul Heyse which is perhaps the best story in the German language.

Six stories from the United States complete the list and the first is by Edgar Allan Poe who set the style for modern short stories and brought them to a point of perfection that has never been surpassed. "The Tell Tale Heart" is the best of many master tales by Poe. Hawthorne is an inevitable choice and "Ethan Brand" is the best of his many excellent tales. "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" by Ambrose Pierce rates a first place for its perfection in both substance and form. "Benito Cereno" by Herman Melville, for seventy-five years, was little known but due to the revival of interest in Melville and especially to the spot-lighting of this story by Edward J. O'Brien, who regards it as the best short story in American literature, recently it has been more widely read and recognized. It is an interesting tale marvelously told and deserves to rank among the best. Twenty-one years ago when I first read Katherine Fullerton Gerould's "Vain Oblations" in Scribner's magazine I was convinced it was a short story masterpiece—numerous re-readings since that time have not changed my mind and I submit it

with enthusiasm among this illustrious list of the world's best.

TWENTY-FIVE BEST SHORT STORIES

ENGLAND

"The Phantom Rickshaw," Rudyard Kipling.
 "The Three Strangers," Thomas Hardy.
 "A Lodging for the Night," R. L. Stevenson.
 "The First and the Last," John Galsworthy.
 "The Fly," Katherine Mansfield.
 "El Ombu," W. H. Hudson.
 "The Secret Sharer," Joseph Conrad.

FRANCE

"Boule De Suif," Guy de Maupassant.
 "Mateo Falcone," Prosper Merimee.
 "The Torture by Hope," Villiers de l'Isle Adam.
 "The Procurator of Judea," Anatole France.
 "A Simple Heart," Gustave Flaubert.
 "An Episode Under the Terror," Honore Balzac.

GERMANY

"The Fury," Paul Heyse.

ROME

"The Matron of Ephesus," Petronius.

RUSSIA

"The Darling," Anton Chekov.
 "The Abyss," Leonid Andreyev.
 "The District Doctor," Ivan Turgenev.
 "The Cloak," Gogol.
 "Twenty-Six Men and a Girl," Maxim Gorky.

UNITED STATES

"The Tell Tale Heart," Edgar Allan Poe.
 "Ethan Brand," Nathaniel Hawthorne.
 "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," Ambrose Pierce.
 "Benito Cereno," Herman Melville.
 "Vain Oblations," K. F. Gerould.

The Book We Love

By Charles L. Goodell

(The Abingdon Press, Chicago)

THIS volume of thirteen chapters and one hundred eight pages is devoted to a eulogy of the "book we love," the Bible. It contains some information concerning the holy scriptures, but devotes its space mainly to the pleasant task of endearing The Book to its readers. While very little definite information concerning the Bible is given, the reader of "The Book We Love" will catch glimpses of the scriptures that he has probably never caught before. The author, Dr. Charles L. Goodell, is a graduate of Boston University and has had a varied

and wide experience as a preacher. His radio speeches have been many and well received. This book springs from rich emotional and intellectual soil.

"Time hangs heavy on my hands," said the furniture remover as he stood holding up an old Grandfather Clock off the floor.

* * *

Sign in a Barber Shop—facing a bunch of chairs—He that endures to the end shall be saved.

* * *

"That means me," said Mr. Common Man, as he looked at the ad on the railing at the side of the road. It Read *Dy An Shine*.

The chapter headings may give the prospective reader some idea of what the book contains: 1, The Greatest Story In The World; 2, The Book Itself; 3, The Psalmists and the Prophets; 4, The Message of the New Testament; 5, Paul's Letters; 6, The Revelation; 7, Tributes To Its Value; 8, The Bible In Wartime; 9, The Bible in History; 10, The Bible As Inspiration; 11, Testimony of Martyrs and Saints; 12, Its Power and Popularity; 13, The Bible and Personal Experience.

If Dr. Goodell is a bit oratorical, he is also sincere and convincing. His readers will know and love the Bible when they get through a little better than ever before.—H. R. Merrill.

¶ Civilization and the New Testament

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with much of the sociology which has characterized Great Britain, but I am one of millions who know that the integrity of England has resulted largely from her glorification of the home. Many think she has failed in her interpretation of brotherhood through a stratification of society dangerously approaching caste; none can deny her the glory which comes from the establishment of the English home as the altar of the Empire. The doctrine of the home presumes in its best development the finest qualities in those who are part of it. Father, mother and children,—this is the unit of Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic culture.

And Christianity has made of women, whether it was specifically in the doctrine or not, the crown and glory of the race, rather than, as other important civilizations have tended to make her, mere chattel or a beast of burden. It is interesting to remember in this advanced age that only a short time ago women were denied access to schools. Sir Thomas Moore was apparently the first in England to advance the idea of the desirability of education for women. The idea was first openly proclaimed in Erasmus' *Institutio Matrimonii Christiani* and Lucovico Vives' *De Institutione Feminae Christianae* in 1523.

The real beginning of education for girls on a substantial basis began with the establishment of Queen's College, London, in 1848. There is a pathetic picture even in American history of girls sitting outside near the windows of school houses to catch what they could of the teaching being given within to the boys. The inevitable logic of Christian thinking however has

destroyed the barriers to the progress of woman and has in our own generation brought her up to the high place which she now occupies. The advance of women is a distinctive achievement which sets us widely apart from pagan or present day oriental thinking. Our spiritual progress in interpreting the place of women in society is more significant than the progress from hand carts and ox teams to automobiles and airplanes.

LET us not forget that these great ideas: the importance of the individual, every one of us a participant in a world-wide brotherhood; the inherent, God-given right to liberty of mind and conscience under law which we ourselves set up; the resulting never-ending effort to interpret and express human rights through law and through processes of education and economics, the ultimate goal being equality of opportunity for all alike without respect to hereditary, financial, social and other influences; individual initiative the basis of progress; the sanctity of the family relationship and the fashioning of government to protect this union and make it the fruitful expression it may be of the greater virtues of mind and spirit;—these great ideas are not social, political, or educational theories; they are religious ideals, direct results of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth if not direct teachings themselves. Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic countries to the extent that they exemplify these doctrines are therefore religious efforts. Indeed that is what they essentially are. America in this tremendously important sense is a religion not a mere political segregation of people and

our destiny is sure if we adhere to the fundamental doctrine which is the law of our creation as a nation.

This explains in part the American vote and attitude on such issues as slavery, prohibition and the traffic in sex. No one will maintain that we have actually conferred upon the negro the full rights of citizenship; indeed we deliberately in the south prevent him exercising this privilege. No one will maintain that the eighteenth amendment effectively ended the traffic in liquor; our violation of the very amendment we voted into the Constitution is one of the notorious scandals of modern history. Our laws regarding traffic in sex have not prevented prostitution both professional and otherwise; indeed the present moral attitude in society is nothing short of a major hypocrisy so widespread in its acceptance as to contribute probably the outstanding menace to our civilization. But while in actual practice all this is true we have obeyed in our raising of these standards the law of our creation. Centuries of heredity and of environmental influence prevent us voting what our Christian inheritance tells us is an immorality even if we immediately go out from the voting booth and practice the immorality. I think with all its lamentable and tragic consequences, we are committing the less deadly of the two evils. If we ever vote into our sacred documents a denial of the spiritual law of our creation we shall have committed a major sin and be no longer a legitimate beneficiary of the heritage of our race. We are, let it be repeated, custodians of Christian civilization and shall not fail as long as we obey its essential doctrine.

(To be continued)

¶ Be Your Own Life Guard

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canoe. Never overload a canoe. Three persons should be the maximum number at any time.

Just one more safety measure and that is never to go to anyone's rescue unless you are a life saver or you have been properly trained. On the other hand, if somebody comes to your rescue, don't endanger his life and your own by grabbing him. Let your rescuer

do the work and help him by being absolutely quiet.

And now that you are going to be your own Life Guard, you might like to learn how to save other lives. The American Red Cross conduct First Aid and Life Saving Institutes every summer. If you are a swimmer and are interested, write to the American National Red Cross at Washing-

ton, D. C., for further information.

ALL swimmers and for that matter, folks who do not swim at all should learn the Schafer prone-pressure method of artificial respiration, since it is useful in restoring not only the person suffering from apparent drowning but also one who has had an electric shock or

one who has been overcome by gas. The important thing is to waste no time. Send for a doctor, but don't wait for him to come; go to work immediately. Artificial respiration can sometimes appear to perform miracles provided it is immediately applied.

Following are the fundamental rules. Study them, and better still practice them upon live subjects:

1. If the mouth of the victim is tight shut, leave it alone; if open, remove with your finger any obstruction to breathing, such as false teeth or chewing gum.

2. Place the patient face downward, stretched at full length on a flat surface, nearest to the place where he has been taken out of the water. Turn his head to one side.

3. Bend one arm and place the hand under the patient's cheek to keep his face from the ground. Stretch the other arm beyond his head.

4. Straddle the patient below the hips, facing his head, both knees on the ground.

5. Place both hands over the

lower ribs just above the waist line about four inches apart. One hand on each side of the backbone. Thumbs and fingers together. Keep your arms straight, not bent.

6. Move the weight of your body slowly forward, arms rigid, bringing the weight upon the hands, pressing forward, not directly downward, thus "squeezing out" the patient's lungs as if squeezing a sponge.

7. Hold the pressure while repeating the words "Out goes the bad air," then quickly release the pressure, snapping your hands off the patient sideways and repeat "In goes the good air." This sudden release of pressure thus permits the lungs to expand and draw in air.

8. Swing your body slowly back to the first position and then apply pressure again. Repeat these operations, deliberately swinging forward and backward twelve to fifteen times a minute.

9. Work until help comes or until breathing is restored. Under no circumstances give up for at least three hours.

10. Do not give the patient any fluids until he has regained consciousness. When he comes to, he then may be given a hot stimulant. Keep him warm, quiet and lying down for several hours.

One can never tell how soon this knowledge may be used to save a life. "*Be Prepared*" in this way to save a life if the emergency should arise.

In the meantime, Play Safe, take no chances and be the guard of your own life, by following the simple rules stated in the article. Can you restate them in your own words? Now? Write them down for practice and then in your memory for all time. I wish you good swimming.

A swimmer's life is brave and free,
In water he must clever be,
His body is healthy, strong and trim
Breast, side, back and crawl he can swim,
And though his work may seem like play
When someone is drowning 'tis he who saves the day.

❧ The Charm of the Incomplete

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and I stood in the yard and decided how many and where the windows should be.

AFTER months of delightful concern we had a home in which we could live, enjoy our work, children and friends and plan for the more complete dwelling which should be ours when the depression is over.

Our present dining room has to do double duty as my husband at once appropriated it for a study, being drawn by the light which comes in from a large bay window that opened to the east with smaller windows to the north and south. The wide shelf is home for ferns, begonias and calla lilies and will be for many other plants before the winter is over. I hope, though I never want enough foliage there to shut off entirely the rugged mountains and canyons which are only a mile away. In the other end of the room are two open cupboards, painted a deep greenish-blue on the inside while the other woodwork in the dining room is Colonial yellow. In addition to the table and ladder-back chairs the only other piece of furniture

worth mentioning is a walnut cupboard, handmade by a great uncle. I do not know its age but it must have been made early in the nineteenth century and it looks as though it had been planned for my home. In this room the floor is our concession to the incomplete as the oak planks which we desire to lay are still a dream and I am using a big rug that was in my former living room. Some day I shall have a hand-woven one to lay on my planks. It is even fun to save rags for such a purpose!

For the downstairs bedroom I became extravagant and bought solid mahogany furniture, a spool bed and a Colonial chest of drawers with mirror above. So perfect are the reproductions that they blend well with my honest-to-goodness old maple and walnut pieces in the other rooms.

THE living room is my husband's particular joy. It is a combination of compromises we made to each other's tastes and, strange to say, in most cases we now feel that we arrived at the best decisions. A number of our friends in building had used gum-

wood for the woodwork in their living rooms. We decided against this and used the best grade of fir as I wanted it enameled in the Colonial yellow to match the dining room toward which it opened. We decided that the expense thus saved would pay for the heavy, hand-forged black iron hardware for which we sent East. I longed for wall to wall carpets but my husband felt a yearn toward hardwood floors and we decided upon oak plank, random width and doweled down, stained to look like old oak. Now I am delighted that he had his way as it is so easy to keep up. The fireplace, about which I held out against husband, contractors and all men, was finally built to my specifications. Used to bungalow grates, these Westerners hooted at what seemed to them an immense fireplace, the inside length being four feet. Here my husband returns the feeling I have about the floor as the length makes it possible to burn logs, stumps and what-not that would otherwise have to be worked up. The staircase with oak rail and painted risers, going up through a low ceiling with exposed beams,

looks exactly like the pictures one sees of the old New England farmhouses. Another bay window in this room looks out over Utah Lake four miles away and to the mountains on the far side of the valley. Mt. Nebo, being the farthest one—so named by the early Mormons because of its position looking over their Promised Land.

SEEING the hills in autumn gave me the idea for my color scheme. Floors and furniture brown, brick of fireplace natural red, wing chair upholstered in black tapestry with a tiny figure of rust and blue. Another easy chair has brown and rust, while the maple settee, made, by the way, out of an old bed, has the same upholstery as the wing chair. A desk, hand made in Scotland some hundred and thirty years ago, with boards that pull out to support the desk top, was done over in one of our local shops. It is not walnut but was antiqued so cleverly that no one could guess the deception if my mania for telling what I know did not impart the knowledge. Black lighting fixtures, hand made in a local metal arts shop to represent candle lamps, were placed around the walls. An early day round walnut table, brought out here by some of the first settlers in a prairie schooner, was done over and its original beauty restored. An old pine chair, hand made by one of Utah's early families and with the front round

worn down by the feet of mothers who sang their babies to sleep in its comfortable depths was stained a dark color. Rag rugs, woven, braided and hooked, are scattered over the floor, brown, red-browns and rust being the predominating colors. Above the fireplace hangs a picture of Utah's most famous mountain, Timpanogos, done by a local artist. It shows the sun coming up on an autumn morning, touching the eastern surfaces with triangles of light and painting the valley a brilliant orange. It is a view similar to one we have from a window and a special favorite of mine. The other pictures are copied from Remington's painting of the West and seem at home both in color and subject matter. Strangely this grouping of furniture and pictures from both East and West fit in together to make what seems to both my husband and me "a perfect blend." To me it is somehow typical of a real American home. There is never a day so dreary or cheerless that the yellow glow of our woodwork and the light from wide windows do not make our home appear sunlit.

EACH month we try to add something either to the beauty or the convenience of this place where we have chosen to burrow our roots into the rocky soil. Perhaps it is just a new plant for the window. One month it was a piece of brilliant blue copper ore,

from the Bingham Mine, that my husband brought home and placed upon the mantel piece. Another time we took turns between shifts at the typewriter to give our kitchen its final coat of soft green enamel and have a wallpaper, much befloored with yellow posies, placed over the upper walls and ceiling. Once it was a fireside stool, made from the spool legs of a table where one leg could no longer be used. The three remaining ones, however, made a triangular seat which, when covered with glazed chintz in black toile de jouy, with a narrow ruffle around, has won much comment.

Today I am delighted that we have a home which will grow, though, due to business conditions in the world at large, which we could not foresee when the decision was made, it is going to be a lot longer coming to maturity than we had hoped when we began. If we were to start again with even less money, I should do the same way. I believe such a program forces people to do more and think more for themselves. And things made, or designed by oneself, are a much truer expression of personality than can possibly be had ready-made. Moreover it is of great moral training to a growing family. The statements of interest and affection made by my children and my husband's increasing pride in the possession of his home are all well worth the effort.

❧ The Heart of Utah

It is not the most beautiful, nor the most ideal city I have ever visited. To one who was born and reared in a great metropolis, Salt Lake City has certain pronounced disadvantages, particularly of the cultural kind. It has no symphony orchestra, no regular first rate theatre, no opera. It needs better restaurants, better amusement centers for the fun-loving, dance-loving young.

THESE needs, however, are the concern only of the citizens of Salt Lake City—not of its guests. The guest takes things as he finds them. And the guest of Salt Lake City finds, to his surprise and amazement, much for which he is quite unprepared!

I remember hearing, often, eulo-

gistic comment on the organ recitals in the Tabernacle. Yet I was totally unprepared for the divine beauty of those musical interludes! No *Sermon on the Mount* could ever effect in me the spiritual humility and reverence that was produced in me by those 8,000 golden pipes responding to the inspired touch of an Alexander Schreiner, or an Edward P. Kimball.

But that these exquisite, soul-satisfying concerts should be free to music lovers daily at an hour equally convenient for the leisurely and the laboring, was to this slave of Mammon a revelation unique! There is something truly magnificent in this generous gesture of the Mormon Church.

True to the established routine

of sightseers, we made a tour of the city . . . through its spacious open-armed parks, along its wide clean thoroughfares, up and down its well-ordered business district, through its alluring residential sections, around the campus of the oldest university west of the Missouri river, up onto the heights of old Fort Douglas, down through Memory Grove in City Creek Canyon and out to Utah's state capital. All—all of it an inspired vision that had crystallized into monumental reality!

"All cities grow that way," the "Doubting Thomases" will aver. True! But most cities do not retain that spiritual or moral essence which gave them birth. And to this easterner, it seems that Salt

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Church Music

Practicing Hymns by the Congregation

By EDWARD P. KIMBALL

THE Church Music Committee has long recommended occasional practices of hymns by the congregations of the wards.

It has been suggested that this practice take place at such time as the bishop consents to, either before or after the meeting, or even during the meeting, if there is a favorable opportunity that will not be out of harmony with the occasion. In some instances much improvement has been made in the singing of congregations by these practices. Many choristers are backward in attempting such song practices, no doubt because they do not know just how to go about it. Of course, if it be done in a desultory, perfunctory manner it may result in the opposite from what was hoped for by its attempt. Our people are as a rule serious in their meetings, and they resent child-play among grown-ups, and the chorister faces quite a task when he undertakes a song practice among adults.

But love of singing is common to most normal persons, and our people, in particular are reared in group singing. The observer will notice that our congregations are outstanding in their participation in singing when done by the group. However, congregational singing is not as enthusiastically done now as in the past, there being many reasons for its decline. Chief among these is doubtless the disintegration of our solidarity as communities—we are growing apart. Modern manner of living makes this inevitable to a large degree, and we are losing much of the former close contacts and the results from them, one of which was enthusiastic congregational-community singing. Any steps that can be taken to retrieve in this direction must result in good.

Our people love to sing. They have a fair acquaintance with many songs, and it will have been noted that they sing best and most heartily the songs they know best. The observer will have noted also that the best congregational singing is done in those wards which enjoy profitable singing in the song practice of the Sunday school. It is not difficult to cite wards in which a wide-awake Sunday school chorister has influenced powerfully the singing of the whole people during the period of a few years by his song practice in Sunday school. Any other organization might afford the same growth if it would provide in its program for

a specific and regular time for singing practice. It has been in the program of the Sunday school for many years. It is not too much to affirm that the congregational singing of the whole Church would show a large retrogression were the song practice, as a regular part of Sunday school, to be discontinued for a generation.

At least this is the opinion of such men as Evan Stephens, George Careless, and others of our leaders.

The Church Music Committee is led to recommend song practice by the congregations in the wards by its contention that people sing best that which they know, and know best that which they are taught; and that they learn more rapidly and thoroughly if they have opportunity for definite training. The Committee feels that our singing as intelligent worship—and that should be its purpose,—will be greatly improved in this way.

The manner of going about such a practice is naturally vital to its success. No two experienced choristers will approach it in the same way. Some general suggestions may be helpful. It takes two things to make a song—words and music; no song can exist without both, and there is no singing where both are not used. The chorister's job then, is so to handle the practice that the people get hold of the two elements of the song. How shall it best be done? Each one will have

to work out his own way according to his own ability and the kind of people he has to deal with.

The people of different wards vary in ability and experience; in the language of "Mikado," "let the punishment fit the crime" in the manner in which the work is taken up and conducted. Certain it is, however, that the melody is the first thing that appeals to singers. It would be well to begin with a song that is familiar, and one that has such a melody as will permit of a second part being added naturally and easily. Such a tune is "Do What Is Right;" another, "School Thy Feelings," to the tune of "Let the Lower Lights be Burning."

It will be found that the two elements of primary melody and obligato second part will create much more interest than can be stirred up by a mere singing of a song. When the congregation has experienced the pleasure of two songs sung in the manner suggested, it will not be difficult to find additional ways of interesting them. The ingenuity of the chorister will devise and discover new avenues of approach that will be new all the time.

Above all, the song practice must be pleasurable, and a chorister and his organist will need to be well prepared in order that they may take advantage of any emergency or opportunity.

IF you analyze your religious emotions I doubt not you would trace them back to the early hymns of childhood more than to the Bible itself. I think the hymns . . . have more to do with forming men's ideas of the promised land than any other literature, not even excepting the Bible itself."

—Henry Ward Beecher.

The most suitable religious songs for children contain poetry on the pleasantness of life, the goodness of God as manifested in creation, the fine traits of character as manifested in love; they express natural, healthy sentiment—delight in God, in nature, in home, in goodness, in beauty, and they should be truly poetical, that is, truly simple.

If it be the desire to have the mind and being impregnated with lofty sentiment, risen from souls full of noble desire to serve, upon which the individual may draw in the hour of need, which will fill the heart with that abundance from which clean mouths speak, let the religious songs of childhood not be overlooked.

THE whole Church is thrilled at the wonderful success of the grand chorus organized by the M. I. A. and heard in the recent conference in the Tabernacle. This question has been asked frequently by those interested in the music of the Church, What use of this great army of singers can be made to serve the Church permanently? The answer is not hard. Let them be brought into the choirs of their various wards. Broad church-wide movements offer splendid inspiration to our emotions and move us to astonishment, but after all the progress of the Church is made in the ward. Here is the root of our growth. The Church Music Committee recommends that steps be taken at once by Bishops and ward choristers to bring these fine young voices into active membership in the ward choir. Careful account of them has been kept and it will not be difficult to secure their names from the M. I. A. officers in the stakes that participated in the activity of preparing the choruses.

Melchizedek Priesthood

A Challenge to High Priests

WHAT does it mean to you to be ordained a high priest in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? Is it merely an ordination commonly conferred upon the elderly man of the Church or is it an ordinance having a deeper significance?

When ordained a High Priest the individual receives recognition by the Church that certain fundamental standards have been attained which are requisite for "life eternal." In order to enjoy celestial living it is necessary that one has ability to live the standards that yield "abundant life." This plan of living was given to the world by Jesus nearly 2,000 years ago and again reiterated to the world by Joseph Smith in our dispensation. As a man is advanced in the priesthood he should feel that he has greater strength in his ability to live the gospel plan. Ultimately when he is honored by the church with the degree of high Priesthood, or High Priest, it is an announcement to the world that he has mastered certain standards of attainment required for leadership in Christ's Church.

When a medical school confers an M. D. degree upon a student the university announces to the world that it may expect the man or woman receiving the degree to possess certain skills and information necessary to care for the health of the people. Anyone who desires may acquaint himself with the standards for such a degree. It is because of our confidence that these attainments have been met, that we trust the life of our dear ones when sickness and accident comes to them. Likewise when conferring the degree of High Priest, the Church of Jesus Christ announces to the world that this man who becomes a High Priest in the Kingdom of God has acquired certain fundamental skills that make for "life abundant."

These skills and abilities are as follows:

1. The Ability to be Reliable:

His word is as good as his bond. If it is humanly possible his obligations will be promptly paid. He is punctual in meeting his appointments. One may be sure that he will be an honest witness and will report only that which he believes is true.

2. The Ability to Exercise Self Control:

He will do the things that he knows he ought to do. He will eat and drink only that which he knows makes for

a strong healthy body and will take the proper exercise and rest, so as to keep his body vigorous and strong. He will have learned to be master of his sex impulses, and to control his emotions knowing the folly of anger and the sin of an unbridled tongue. He is able to control his expenditures making them commensurate to his income and thereby becomes a thrifty citizen.

3. The Ability to be Tolerant:

He has faith in his leaders and tolerance with his wife and family and neighbors. Indeed, Jesus made it a requirement to be able to "love your enemies." He has the ability to appreciate that those who err need his help and encouragement rather than estrangement and condemnation. This spirit of tolerance is reflected in his genuine humility. He feels the need of the help of friends, and manifests a sincere dependence on the help of God. Tolerance is the foundation of true love and is the beginning of genuine friendship.

He can direct and request, yet people love him for he is void of offense. He is a true leader.

4. The Ability to Share Cheerfully:

He is not only able to share, but to share cheerfully "one-tenth of his interest" and other offerings for the upkeep of the church and community. He can also share cheerfully his opinions when others disagree. This gives him the skill to disagree pleasantly. He is meek and teachable, and open minded to new opinions and information which are presented. He shares cheerfully his special talents, and gives willingly of his time in service to his fellow men.

What a world of real happiness comes to him who can thus give his "offerings" and service with a feeling that it is an opportunity to share.

ALTHOUGH the privations, the vicissitudes, and the unrelenting toil enforced by the state of mortal existence are part of our heritage from Adam, we are really enriched thereby: for in just such conditions do we find opportunity to develop the powers of soul that shall enable us to overcome evil, to choose the good, and to win salvation and exaltation in the mansions of our Father.—James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve.

5. The Ability to see and Appreciate That Which is Beautiful and Good:

He is a booster of every agency that makes the world better. This includes schools, churches, civic clubs, scientific societies, music and dramatic organizations, athletic sports, etc.

He is alert for good books and magazines that he may acquire useful knowledge and fill his mind with some of the beautiful thoughts that the writers have given to the world. He frowns at that which is morbid in the movies, stories, and elsewhere but is a friend of clean and wholesome recreation.

Whether it be winter or summer, storm or sunshine, mountain or dell, city or country, desert or farm, there are beauties and wonders which he sees and appreciates.

How refreshing to converse with such a man who can tell of the beauties in literature and the wonders of nature and art, and who can lift the world from its gloom in sharing these beauties.

He is not a gossip of scandal but a seeker of opportunity to tell one of the success and goodness of a neighbor or friend. He may see the errors made by his leaders and friends and profit thereby, yet he is ever anxious to think and tell of the unselfish sacrifices made by them for the betterment of the people. He offers to cooperate with them in solving their problems. If something good cannot be said of a neighbor, or friend, or sister, or brother he will say nothing.

6. The Ability to do Something Well:

To write, or speak, or sing, or entertain are gifts that come only to him who strives for them. David played the harp well because he had practiced so patiently while herding his father's sheep. Paul, because of years of persistent trying, became the greatest Christian preacher and teacher.

To be prepared to follow expertly some chosen vocation which will bring an income adequate to take care of his family and assist in community activities, is an indispensable qualification.

You may consider these rather idealistic requirements, yet Jesus told his disciples when they stood in amazement at the close of his sublimely challenging Sermon on the Mount, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."—Victor C. Anderson, Sharon Stake Seminary.

Aaronic Priesthood

Organizations being Perfected in Stakes

FIFTEEN stakes have fully complete organizations and twenty-three others have minimum organizations for supervision of Aaronic Priesthood work in the stakes as recommended by the Presiding Bishopric. A minimum organization, as outlined in the instructions, includes at least three members of the High Council and three others who may or may not be members of the council, making a minimum of six members of the stake committee. This committee organizes and operates somewhat after the plans followed by the stake boards of the auxiliary organizations, doing for the Aaronic Priesthood in the stake what stake boards do for their associations.

A fully completed stake committee should contain as many members as there are wards in the stake, making possible close supervision and visits to all wards simultaneously when desired. When possible, it is recommended by the Presiding Bishopric, quorums should be visited weekly by the stake committee. This, of course, can only be done where the committee members equal the number of wards in the stake.

An effort is being made to have all stakes complete their organizations by September in order that the fall and winter program may go forward effectively and the Aaronic Priesthood take full advantage of the work of correlation committees.

The stakes having fully completed stake committees, prepared to carry out the entire Aaronic Priesthood program and visit all wards weekly as recommended are Cache, Ensign, Granite, Gunnison, Hyrum, Kolob, Millard, South Davis, Wasatch, Juarez, Star Valley, Taylor, Union and Woodruff.

Stakes having minimum organizations of six members are Box Elder, Cottonwood, Deseret, Duchesne, Emery, Grant, Liberty, Logan, Morgan, Nebo, North Sanpete, North Weber, Oquirrh, Pioneer, Salt Lake, Tooele, Wayne, Weber, Bannock, Millard, Oneida, Rigby and Yellowstone.

Aaronic Priesthood of East Jordan Stake Active

A RECENT report to the Presiding Bishopric indicates healthy and beneficial activity of the Aaronic Priesthood of East Jordan stake. In the report the following account of recent activities is given:

The accompanying picture was taken of the East Jordan Stake Lesser Priesthood, while on an outing to Utah County, when they visited the State Mental Hospital, the State Fish and Game farm, and had a swim at Saratoga Springs.

The trip was arranged by the Stake Lesser Priesthood Committee of which C. I. Goff is chairman.

A caravan of 50 cars carried the boys and their supervisors and friends. They were accompanied by members of the stake presidency and high council, seven bishops and a number of bishop's counselors and fathers of the boys, making a total on the trip of 387.

The committee in charge recently took the boys to Salt Lake City where they listened to an organ recital, made a trip to the State Capital and finished up with a show.

Taylorville Ward has 100% Deacons Quorum

FROM Taylorville Ward in Alberta Stake comes a report of splendid

accomplishment of the Deacon's Quorum of that ward. Results of an interesting and effective contest conducted by the stake committee are given in a report to the Presiding Bishop's office. The report follows:

Taylorville Ward in the Alberta Stake has a membership of 16 Deacons of the Aaronic Priesthood. The boys live in scattered location on farms of from one to five miles distance from the church house. Notwithstanding this handicap the Deacons during the months of May and June, 1931, had a 100% attendance in meetings of the ward, viz: Priesthood meeting, Sunday School and Sacrament meeting, without fail.

The class instructors and class supervisors are to be commended on urging the boys to this energetic accomplishment. A prize was offered of a picture of these boys to be presented to each, which was done by J. Y. Card of Cardston 2nd Ward, who for more than 20 years has taught a class of Deacons.

A close second in the competition with this ward was Hartley Ward, and a close third Cardston 2nd Ward, 1st quorum, with a membership of 21 deacons; each of these losing by a very narrow margin.

The splendid part of this contest is its results. Nearly all of these boys have been in faithful attendance at all their meetings up to date. For instance, six out of the eleven Deacons of the same Ward have been to 100% of their meetings the entire year of 1932 up to and including the 22nd day of May. Their faithfulness to duty will undoubtedly be reflected in their lives.

Those appearing on the picture are as follows:

Front Row: left to right: Glen Berezay, M. Vi Lowry, Malcolm Little, Dean Wolsey;

Second Row: John Berezay, Robert Sheen, Ben. D. Marsden, Delbert Nielson, Rega Gregson, James Tanner;

Back Row: Rulon W. Lowry, class leader; Charles Tims,



Features of Outing of Pioneer Stake Aaronic Priesthood



Deacons' Quorum, Taylorville Ward,
Alberta Stake

Clarence Sheen, Elmo Wolsey, LaMar Lowry, Lester Campbell, E. Fay Little, B. F. Lowry, Supervisor.

Stake Bulletins Desired

PIONEER, Cache, South Davis and Ensign stakes publish regular bulletins giving Aaronic Priesthood information, copies of which are sent to the office of the Presiding Bishopric. If other stakes publish bulletins regularly or occasionally copies will be appreciated.

North Sanpete Priesthood Active

AN indication of commendable activity among officers and members of the Aaronic Priesthood of North Sanpete Stake comes to the office of the Presiding Bishopric in the form of a letter sent out by the stake committee to ward supervisors. It contains so many helpful suggestions that it is published for the information of other stake committees. The letter follows:

We agreed at our last Stake Priesthood meeting to appoint some one of our Aaronic Priesthood boys to write up our June "Outing."

Here is another suggestion—if you have not already held your Outing—take a kodak along. Some of the pictures that you take may be suitable for mounting on a display card and hanging in your church building. Send us one or two of the best ones and we will send them to the *Era*. If they have space enough, perhaps they will print them for us.

Don't forget to send me a copy of your trip write-up. We can use some of the material from each ward at our next Priesthood meeting.

Please have your Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors stress attendance at Sunday School and the observance of the Word of Wisdom during the months of July and August. If this work is

carefully done we can show an improvement over last year of more than 100%. Success to you.

Your brother,

James W. Blain,

Stake Chairman Aaronic Priesthood Committee.

Pioneer Stake Holds Aaronic Priesthood Outing

JORDAN PARK on the banks of Utah's River Jordan and within the boundaries of Pioneer Stake was selected for the annual outing of the Aaronic Priesthood of that stake. While the outing was announced for the Aaronic Priesthood a large percentage of the stake population participated. The program of novel and entertaining events occupied the entire afternoon and evening.

While others were present the program itself was arranged for members of the Aaronic Priesthood and was designed by the stake committee to give them a day of genuine entertainment. Water sports on the Jordan, field sports and contests, refreshments and a campfire program were important items on the schedule. Charles R. Mabey, chairman of the Scout com-

mittee of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board supplied the story program around the camp fire. A trained horse, racing with men and boys over short distances, turning around a stake and returning proved to be a popular feature. Members of the Mexican Branch of the Church in Salt Lake which is a part of Pioneer Stake staged a mimic bull fight.

Aaronic Priesthood Gains Continue

THE very encouraging gains in Aaronic Priesthood attendance at Quorum meetings reported for May continued during June, as shown by reports from the stakes to the Presiding Bishopric. More than two-thirds of the stakes made gains. The increases of June, 1932 over June, 1931 by stakes in percentages are as follows: Bannock 8 to 22, Bear Lake 25 to 28, Bear River 11 to 27, Big Horn 6 to 20, Blaine 24 to 25, Boise 25 to 26, Box Elder 11 to 22, Carle 26 to 29, Cassia 20 to 22, Curlew 10 to 16, Deseret 20 to 28, East Jordan 11 to 25, Ensign 14 to 18, Franklin 23 to 26, Fremont 21 to 23, Garfield 11 to 13, Gunnison 13 to 15, Hollywood 32 to 35, Hyrum 6 to 11, Idaho 15 to 16, Idaho Falls 22 to 24, Juarez 35 to 36, Kanab 6 to 10, Kolob 15 to 16, Lehi 25 to 25, Liberty 25 to 28, Logan 18 to 25, Los Angeles 21 to 22, Malad 8 to 22, Maricopa 22 to 39, Moapa 15 to 20, Montpelier 15 to 18, Morgan 4 to 24, North Davis 12 to 25, North Sanpete 8 to 11, North Weber 17 to 32, Oneida 32 to 34, Ogutrh 12 to 14, Parowan 10 to 11, Pioneer 26 to 27, Pocatello 21 to 29, Portneuf 8 to 11, St. George 16 to 20, St. Johns 11 to 11, Salt Lake 18 to 21, San Francisco 18 to 19, San Juan 21 to 23, San Luis 16 to 17, Sharon 18 to 20, So. Sanpete 9 to 11, So. Sevier 14 to 18, Summit 11 to 14, Tooele 1 to 6, Twin Falls 18 to 19, Uintah 8 to 16, Utah 19 to 22, Wayne 6 to 14, Weber 21 to 24, West Jordan 8 to 12, Woodruff 17 to 18, Yellowstone 10 to 14, Young 15 to 27, Zion Park 16 to 27.



Aaronic Priesthood of East Jordan Stake



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A. 47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Sunday Evening Joint Session for September

GENERAL Theme—MODERN PIONEERING—IN SPIRITUALITY.

1. Singing—"Israel, Israel, God Is Calling."

2. Prayer.

3. Quartette or Mixed Chorus—"Ye Simple Souls Who Stray," or a similar hymn.

4. The Slogan.

5. Twenty Minute Talk—"Trails Leading to a Deeper, Spiritual Life."

a. Markers of the Trails—Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price, and works by ancient and modern philosophers and Thinkers. (Passages from these books may be used as definitions.)

b. Men and women who have followed spiritual trails.

c. Spiritual Trails Leading Ahead From Here. (These are merely suggestions. The speaker, of course, may use his own good judgment in preparing his speech.)

6. A Story of an Occasion upon

which a Spiritual gift was exercised—5 minutes, a man; 5 minutes, a woman.

7. Singing—"The Spirit of God Like A Fire Is Burning."

8. Benediction.

"Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant. Ye know that ye were gentiles carried away unto these dumb idols even as ye were led. Wherefore I give you to understand that no man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed: and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.

"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.

"But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the

word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the workings of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh that one and selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." I Corinthians, XII:1-12.

"Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye prophesy." I Cor. XIV:1.

"To be spiritually minded is life and peace." Romans VIII:6.

"For if ye live after the flesh ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Romans, VIII:13-14.

Review of the 37th Annual M. I. A. June Conference

Continued from
page 618

in the auditorium of the Church Office building. Here the importance of this department's work for the successful completion of all M. I. A. activities and the *Era* drive for the coming season were stressed. It was pointed out that the selection of chairmen for this work in the wards and stakes, the best available person be chosen. The unlimited possibilities for development, especially in the field of publicity were revealed by speakers.

Following the department session, hundreds of conference visitors gathered on the northwest side of the Tabernacle, where a tree, a descendant from one grown on the Potomac, was planted by the M. I. A. officers in honor of George

Washington. President Fox officiated at the planting and Superintendent Smith presided at the ceremonies. John F. Bowman, former mayor of Salt Lake and a member of the Y. M. M. I. A. general board, gave the address of the day, extolling George Washington. This was followed by a mass flag display by Boy Scouts and Bee-Hive girls of Salt Lake City.

Contest finals in public speaking, retold story, drama, archery and vanball, occupied attention for the entire afternoon Saturday. Winners were announced in the *Improvement Era* for July.

The grand music concert in the Tabernacle was a fitting conclusion for the day of greatest activity during the three day conference.

THEN came Sunday with its usual spiritual feast to climax the conference. From the earliest meeting of the day to the final session, Sunday, was marked with the spiritual program of the M. I. A. No more appropriate beginning could have been devised than a testimony meeting in the Assembly Hall, where ward and stake workers were at liberty to express their feelings and to tell of their faith in the work. They availed themselves of this opportunity and for an hour the Spirit of the Lord was thoroughly enjoyed.

At the beginning of the meeting the new M. I. A. slogan, "We Stand for Enrichment of Life Through Constructive Use of Leisure and Personal Service to

Fellow Man," was presented to the conference and discussed by Assistant Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard of the Y. M. M. I. A.

Elder Ballard told of the increasing amount of leisure that was being thrust upon the young people of the M. I. A. through unemployment, and told of the necessity of seeing that this time was profitably used by all.

THE remainder of the meeting was turned over to a discussion of the value of a testimony to M. I. A. leaders, by Assistant Superintendent Richard R. Lyman and First Counselor Lucy Grant Cannon, and to the bearing of testimonies.

An outstanding feature of the conference was the adoption of a resolution supporting the Eighteenth amendment. This was done at the Sunday afternoon meeting and was read as follows by Elder Lyman:

"We, the Mutual Improvement workers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 10,000 strong, delegates representing 125,000 members, citizens of the United States in annual convention assembled in the great Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, Utah, this 12th day of June, 1932, declare our loyalty to the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. We stand for our Prohibition laws and pledge our support to officers and candidates for office who respect these laws, who live in accordance with them and who strive for their enforcement."

The adoption of this resolution appropriately followed a discussion of Prohibition and conditions throughout the country by E. E. Collins, assistant administrator for the tenth district of which Utah is a part.

Mr. Collins among other things said, "Prohibition is not a failure, but is a success."

The first speaker of the meeting was Dr. Henry Newman of New York who discussed the great functions of beauty.

President Ivins then spoke, and made his declaration that the conference was as an oasis in the desert to the weary traveler. President Ivins said he had two prayers in his heart for the young people. They were: "That God will continue to strengthen the faith which they manifest, the faith which

their fathers have bequeathed to them as an heritage and maintain it, continue to put their faith in Him. The other is faith in this government of ours, God-given to us, not made of man. It still remains our heritage to be maintained by us against foes from without and enemies from within, regardless of the sacrifice involved."

President Grant in his address at this session said:

"I am grateful for all that I have heard during this conference.

President Grant then urged the members of the Church faithfully to observe the practice of fasting and the law of tithing. "Let me promise you here today that if the Latter-day Saints will honestly and conscientiously from this day forth, as a people, keep the monthly fast and pay into the hands of their bishops the actual amount that they would have spent for food for the two meals from which they have refrained, and if in addition to that they will pay their honest tithing, it will solve all of

the problems in connection with taking care of the Latter-day Saints."

SHORTLY after this meeting concluded, delegates to the conference gathered at the southeast corner of the block, where a marker in honor of Orson Pratt, and the Salt Lake Meridian and base which the pioneer leader established was unveiled. The marker was bared to public gaze by Lathila Pratt Kimball, daughter of Orson Pratt. It was placed on the Temple wall jointly by the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church and the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association.

Then came the final session of the conference, a meeting with the theme, "Youth and Religion." This session was held Sunday evening in the Tabernacle and speakers all emphasized the need of constant activity and prayer to keep the young people true to the ideals and principles of the Gospel and to give a lasting testimony of its divinity.

The spiritual treat was over and the time had come for the traveler to move on, thoroughly refreshed, built up spiritually, mentally and physically, and ready to travel the long miles to another oasis in the future.

A Prayer

By Frances Nuttall

DEAR God, be kind to us who do not understand,
We are so many, and so very disagreed.
Though no one knows, still all desire to repent.

And each one seems to know the other's greatest need.

For there are those of us who know no power

Beyond us men, to whom man's brain stands high alone,

To whom all work is for this earthly hour.

Be kind to us, dear God, who live in just our own.

And there are those of us who live alone in thee,

Until thy works are changed with all unconscious fraud,

Resulting in a world of many creeds, and

Forget the minds you gave. Be kind to us, dear God.

Then there are those of us who think and love and weep,

And know the science of Thee and man is in commune,

We live to work, progress, and knowledge ever keep,

Yet oft we doubt. Be kind, we can forget so soon.

And so, while no one seems to really understand,

And yet we all of us are fairly sure we do,
Dear God, give me thy hand,

And lead me, lead me through.

The Hollow End of Efficiency

By FLOY L. TURNER

HUSH yo' cheepin', chicks, an' creep under the hover. It's goin' ter be a mighty col' night. No use a waitin' an' a waitin' fo' yo' mothers, cause you hasn't any. Leastwise if you has, they've den fo'got you.

'But look at you! Two hundred, an' all so soft an' fluffy! Wouldn't it jus' make a hen's heart expan' wif pride till she's nigh ter bustin' her brea's' bone jus' to look at you! An' wouldn't she jus' molt her wing feathers stretchin' 'em out to make you a shelter!

"But mothers has done gone out o' fashion fo' you, chicks. Yo' mothers has done got 'mancipated, an' prob'ly spen's their time improvin' their min's at hen clubs an' lectures.

"Come now, chicks, an' creep under the hover. It's mos' excruciatin'ly practical, all 'lectrically warmed. A scientificated model of mechanical sufficiency.

"Creep in, chicks, an' huddle close together. Want I should croon to you, chicks?"

Era and Publicity Messages

M. I. A. Publicity

THIS page is designed for those in wards and stakes who have been given the responsibility of reporting and publicizing M. I. A. Activities.

Publicity has grown to be so important in our many-sided world that large and small concerns alike, including the federal and state governments and individuals who depend upon public approval for success have formed the habit of either engaging special publicity or "information" agents or else open wide the gates to facts in order that newspapers and the people may know what is going on. The most successful businesses are those which can "tell the world" in the most interesting, the least repelling manner. The M. I. A.'s may profit much by keeping publicity machinery in good working order.

Now there is a right way to report what is going to happen, what has happened, and what is happening. Newspapers like good copy, manuscripts well written and well worded.

A few simple suggestions are given here for those who need them and would like to do their work a little more efficiently and with less lost motion. This page is to supplement the talk given by Stringham A. Stevens, a member of the *Improvement Era* committee and an advertising and publicity expert.

Publicity

There is a slight difference between publicity and straight reporting. The good publicity agent is supposed to be able to organize campaigns which will bring about desired results—a full attendance at a road show, Gold and Green Ball, or even a special meeting.

Good campaigns are expensive campaigns. World's Fairs are advertised for several years, for instance. Information should be cumulative. That is, the publicity agents select facts carefully and give only a few and the most pertinent at a time, otherwise they will run out of new material.

For example: Suppose the Mutual is to have an opening social in September. The publicity agent will announce that fact late in July or early in August. At that time there will be little detail available. He may know the exact date and the nature of the social. The publicity man can be of real service by calling for news early, for in that manner he will stimulate activity.

The following week, if he is dealing with a weekly paper, he will an-

nounce the names of as many people as he can find connected with the social, or if the names of those who are going to do things are not available, he will get an interview with the M. I. A. presidents or with the chairman of the social. The point is that the publicity man must have something NEW to tell each time. As the date of the social nears more and more details will be available—the names of the stunts, the numbers on the program, the nature of the refreshments, etc.

The week of the social the publicity man will knit together all of the stories in one big, final shot quoting mutual presidents, bishops, committee chairmen, and any others who may have something interesting to say. It will be well for him to interview the newspaper editor and find how long

a story he can use and when he would like the copy in. A long story might be acceptable if it came in two days before publication, but not acceptable if it came in the morning of the day of publication.

Summarizing: The good publicity man plans a campaign on paper for the publicity connected with his big events and then follows his plan. His announcements are as carefully planned as his newspaper publicity. His job is to see that he has *something new and interesting for each issue of the paper.*

Reporting

The job of reporting to the press is fascinating and affords splendid development to the person who does it. The reporter remembers that the readers are interested primarily in Rudyard Kipling's famous Six Serving Men—Where, When, What, Why, Who, and How.

The reporter examines the occasion which he is to report and selects the most interesting thing to begin with and then he tells the facts in the order of their importance. He doesn't begin—"A Meeting of the M. I. A. was held Tuesday night." Obviously that isn't news. If Judge John D. Grayson spoke at that meeting that is news, and he begins, "Judge John D. Grayson, judge of the Fifth judicial district discussed some of the problems connected with the new state tax law at a meeting of the Franklin ward mutuals Tuesday evening in the ward chapel. Judge Grayson declared that the new law is one which is worthy of being given a genuine trial, etc., etc."

"Other numbers on the program were a reading, 'Just to be Good,' which was given by Ruby Swallow; and a duet—'Prayer'—which was sung by Lizzie Jordan and Ray Mullins."

Suggestion: Write on one side of the paper only with typewriter, if possible, or with black pencil or ink, if typewriter is unavailable. Never use legal size paper. Check spelling especially of names and be sure to give the correct first names and initials.

If the newspaper man gets his copy already for the type-setting machines, he is much more likely to use it than if he has to check spelling, re-arrange sentences, change punctuation, and call somebody to get first names.

Why Do I Live?

By Fern Rees

WHYY do I live?
Do I live that I
Might toil the live-long day,
And eat, and sleep
At night when I am weary,
And rise again to toil?
Is this my life?
No! This is but the shell of life.

Beauty is life!
I live to see the
Crimson dawn, the golden morn,
The burning noon,
The glorious sunset, and the sable night.
I live to hear the
Running brook, the whistling wind,
The rushing fall,
The song of birds, the coyote's call,
The drip of rain, and human voice.

Strength is life!
I live to achieve
A character that will endure
Throughout eternity—
A character built of the substance
Of my soul after
The flame of joy, the scourge of pain,
The flush of success,
And the bitterness of failure.
I live for strength.

Love is life!
I live to love.
Should all my plans succeed
And I fail to love,
Then is my soul incomplete, my life
An inward emptiness
In which my soul hides dumb and stricken.
But if I love,
If all else fail and I love on,
Then is my soul complete, my life fulfilled.
I live to love.

A Fool and His Wager

Continued from
page 601

with the confident familiarity of unseasoned youth.

The stranger had drawn rein immediately below the youngster, staring narrowly up at him. His eyes were deepset, his glance sharply watchful.

"Huh?" The answer to the Kid's airy greeting was hardly more than a surprised grunt, suspicious, repelling.

But the Kid was unabashed. The sudden revulsion of feeling he had experienced, from that of a trapped desperado to the wild hope of escape, had brought all his social instincts and happy unrestraint to the surface.

"She's sure hot here in the sand, ain't she?"

THIS overture brought no answer at all. The Kid smiled happily. "You ain't got many words in your language, have yuh, Blackie?" The stranger's stony, appraising glare identified him all the more certainly in the Kid's mind.

"Great place to be afoot!" The stranger's words finally lashed out like the brief rattle of pistol shots, questioningly, accusingly.

The Kid laughed and walked down to the horseman, who swung his horse warningly, gunsiead away from the Kid.

Nothing daunted, the Kid began negotiations at once. "You're Black Darmstædter, ain't you?"

"Huh?"

"Oh, all right, we'll cut out the introductions if you don't like 'em," the Kid grinned. "Well, anyway, pleased to meet yuh. Fact is, I was on my way to find you."

"So!"

"Yes: yuh see I'm caught in a jam," the Kid explained hurriedly, anxious to be at his business. "There's a posse after me this minute, and my horse had to fall in a badger hole and break his leg."

There was no sympathy in the cold, questioning silence that greeted this news.

"I was makin' for your hide-out. But they'll ketch me, sure, afoot."

"Sure as shootin'."

"Split fifty fifty if you'll help me out here. I knocked over the mail yesterday for fifteen hundred bucks." The Kid was appealing now.

For some time the stranger made no comment, and his cold eyes expressed incredulity.

"Lemme see that money," he said finally.

THE Kid produced the bills, holding them out for inspection. There was bravado in the gesture. But the next instant the surprised youth was looking at his empty fist, for, as if by sleight of hand, the stranger had suddenly reached out and gathered in the money, placing it in his own pocket.

"All right," he said coolly, in token of accepting the Kid's proposition, "Cut the pack and you can ride. But I'm chief, see, and I carry the cash."

The Kid stood non-plussed a moment and then accepting the situation, turned to dividing the pack into two rolls, one of which he tied on behind the cantele of each saddle while the self-appointed chief looked on critically.

Mounted, the Kid now rode on ahead, being directed and followed by the older man toward the blue mountains in the far northwest. Thus hour after hour the two plodded tediously onward through the sand, the Kid keeping a comprehensive lookout for pursuit. But none materialized. The Kid's amiable efforts at conversation were repelled by silence or non-committal grunts until he, too, subsided into silence.

Toward evening the two horsemen finally left the sandflats and emerged upon a vast shadscale plain stretching away to the mountains. On firm footing once more, the riders made better time through cool twilight and by the time darkness settled heavily upon them they were winding up into the juniper-covered foothills of the Tintics. Presently the moon arose flooding the ridges with its pale illumination, and with the moon came a strong wind that brought a comforting sense of security to the San Pete Kid, for he knew that now any tracks in the sand were blotted out forever.

The dim road they followed now became a narrow dugway on a steep sidehill overlooking a narrow mountain valley, in the bottom of which they could make out a line of cottonwoods, evident-

ly fringing a tiny mountain stream. Then their way was barred by a new barb wire fence.

AS the Kid dismounted to open the wire gate obstructing the road, a lull in the wind brought to him the sound of approaching riders from within the fenced inclosure. Instantly charged with fresh fear, the Kid signalled to his companion and the two men quickly made their way back to a tiny side ravine. In its shelter they spurred up into a dense thicket of scrub juniper one hundred yards at right angles from the road. Here they dismounted to better guard their horses and watch the road below.

Presently two horsemen emerged from the shadowy depths of the basin below and approached the gate at the road. Then they halted, drawing in behind a lone juniper by the side of the road.

The San Pete Kid was excited. "Let's get outa here," he whispered to his monosyllabic companion. "That's the sheriff down there waiting to nab us!"

But the laconic one refused to be disturbed. "Mebbe not," he retorted. "Let's see what they're up to."

Not many minutes later they heard the occasional purr of a motor laboring up the grade, mingled with the roar of the wind on the juniper ridges, and knew that a car was approaching from the south. Later they could see its lights intermittently, and then finally a rumbling old car drew up to the gate. Here it stopped and a man got out to open the gate.

At this moment the two horsemen below rode out from behind the juniper shielding them and confronted the man at the gate. A few sharp words were heard, indistinct in the wind, and the watchers above saw one of the riders dismount and advance on the man afoot, who drew back. Then the aggressor was seen to strike, and the retreating man to fall beside his car.

Suddenly realizing that a defenceless man was being hijacked, the Kid mounted and spurred out from shelter, forgetting caution. "Stop that!" he yelled, and crashed

searchingly at the two men bending down through the sagebrush toward the car.

But the men below evidently failed to hear these sounds in the roar of the wind, for there was no hesitation in the dispatch of their business. A hurried examination, and then as one of them picked up the fallen body and threw it into the car, the other released the brakes, turning the steering wheel. Almost instantly the car was rolling backward off the dugway, and had pitched down the steep hillside into the darkness below before the men were aware of the Kid's attack.

The Kid was now shooting wildly at blazing guns below, quickly emptying his own. He was aware that his companion had joined the fray by the crackle of pistol shots behind as well as before him. Then the Kid felt his horse lunge with the shock of a bullet and give way beneath him, and he was thrown with a crash into the sagebrush below. For some time he lay there struggling with his scattered senses, and then his companion rode up to him.

"Yuh all right?" he asked mildly, as the Kid staggered to his feet. "Fight's over, so let's get down an' see what happened to that car."

Without pause the two men now hurried on down the hillside in the direction the driverless car had taken. At the bottom of the declivity they came upon the wreck, from underneath which came a faint moaning. With a mighty straining they managed to roll the battered remains of the car over, disclosing the body of its occupant.

WITHOUT a word the older man gathered sagebrush and started a fire, but the Kid unrolled the blankets on behind the cantle of his partner's saddle and spread them beside the unconscious form. Then the two of them gently moved the broken body on to the blankets. The victim cried out in pain as they moved him, and opened his eyes in terror as the light of the fire disclosed the faces of his rescuers. "I ain't got it," he moaned.

The Kid was greatly disturbed. "We ain't the ones hijacked you," he said. "Tell us where to take you."

The man closed his eyes and his face was contorted as he resisted intense pain. Then he looked

ing over him. "No use," he wheezed. "I'm afraid I'm a goner."

For some time he lay moaning feebly in anguish and then as if drawing upon his last vital resources to convey a message, he motioned them to draw nearer.

"My two boys . . . in the cabin," he whispered. "Take care of them. . . . Fifteen hundred dollars to pay for this place . . . in cash. But they didn't want us here . . . they held up the stage—" The man lay gasping a moment. "I can't get my—breath—"

For a little space the two stood staring at the tragic form, and then the older man started up the hill. "Let's be going," he said in tones of finality.

But the Kid was full of disapproval. "We got to look out for them kids." His accents carried rebuke.

"Can't take 'em with us, where we're going," pointed out the other.

The Kid pondered this a moment. "But we can see if they're all right," he insisted, though more subdued.

"We can take a look," the older man conceded, and so they climbed back into the road.

This they followed through the open gate and on up the hillside until the road led them down into the basin again. There presently they came upon the settler's shanty and corrals in a small clearing. Tying their one horse up, the two men approached the cabin quietly. "Don't wake 'em up," the older man warned.

ENTRANCE effected, they found themselves in a rude kitchen and cast about cautiously for a light. Presently finding and lighting a candle, they gently pushed open the door into the one adjoining room. This was seen to be occupied by two beds, in one of which were snuggled two little boys in the deep, untroubled sleep of childhood. For some moments the two outcasts looked on in si-

lence. The Kid was visibly affected.

"They're all right," the older man whispered impatiently. "Let's go," and he gestured the Kid out.

In the kitchen the Kid hesitated. He was thinking of the lonely terror awaiting the two little boys. "I ain't going," he said at last.

"Stay here an' get caught?" leered the older man.

But the Kid's pinched face signalled a sacrificial choice. He stood his ground stubbornly. "That money I got off the stage was to pay for this ranch, and I'm going to see them kids get it," he said doggedly.

The older man laughed harshly and started to leave. "You may be as soft as all that, but —"

Then the Kid exploded. "You gimme that money!" he raged, his hand snatching at his gun. But the older man whirled and struck like a coiled rattler, his hard fist hitting the Kid's chin with a snap. The stricken youth stumbled backward against the wall, completely out.

WITH the coming of daylight, after several hours of jerky, mumbling sleep in which only his extreme weariness held him, the San Pete Kid roused himself and felt gingerly of a sore chin. Then he fell to wondering where he was and why. That his clothes were off and he was in a warm bed gave him food for further wonderment. He noticed the bed nearby and saw in it two little boys, still deep in cherubic slumber, and remembered seeing them before. Then gradually complete memory was restored. On his clothes he noticed a sheet of paper with a penciled note inscribed thereon.

"If I'd known your gun was empty," the Kid read in astonishment, "I wouldn't have hit you. The real Darmstadter is dead. I was after him when I picked you up in the sand, everyone believing he held up the stage. If you behave, that belief will never be disturbed. As a would-be outlaw you're an awful failure. Let me see you make a better job of caring for those kids until their Dad gets back. He's pretty well used up, but'll live and can make that payment on the ranch. See you when I return. Yours truly,

Jim Thibault,
Sheriff of Tintic County."



¶ The Heart of Utah

Continued from
page 623

Lake City vibrates with the same courage, honesty and stoic serenity that its forthright founders possessed.

FOR the "Doubting Thomases" who read this, there is an irrefutable fact to substantiate my observations. Three million dollars was appropriated by the Utah state legislature for the building of Utah's State House. When the structure, in all its dignified magnificence, was complete within and without, the officials in charge returned to the state treasury almost a quarter of a million dollars!

Oddly enough, good news is not considered news at all! So one must visit Utah's capital to learn this amazing fact which should have been front-page news. Yet whoever visits Salt Lake City from the politically corrupt, graft-ridden cities of the country, cannot help but acknowledge a renewed faith in mankind when viewing this monument to his integrity.

The *esprit de corps* of Salt Lake City is further evinced by its religious tolerance. Though fundamentally and essentially Mormon, it has welcomed other religious denominations with the consequence that a population of approximately 140,000 is supporting 23 religious sects and 137 churches.

Again the "Doubting Thomases" will say, "Well, what of it? Religious toleration is not unique to Salt Lake City." Right again. But—name any other city in our country that was born of the intolerance of all other religious denominations. Name any other city, born in the desolation that was its only safeguard against persecution, that graciously welcomed

its persecutors to share its self-created beauty!

A city is the sum-total of human souls living within its boundaries. Consequently, a city takes its character from the character of its citizens. Therefore, the spirit of Salt Lake City is the spirit of its inhabitants. And that spirit, in my estimation, is what sets Salt Lake City apart from other cities.

THE visitor is conscious almost immediately, of an atmosphere of friendliness, serenity and warmth. Men and women are courteous and hospitable; kindly and helpful. The seven beautiful canyons, only a half hour's drive from the heart of town, extend welcoming arms to out-door lovers. At high noon, the Tabernacle flings wide its doors to music lovers. No one hurries. There is no pushing, no shoving, no crowding. There is time and space for everyone!

Walking up and down the avenues, one sees no harassment or perplexity on the faces of passers-by. One sees only calmness, peace, a smile lurking at the corners of eyes and lips.

One is a constant if somewhat surprised witness to the devotion between sweethearts, between man and wife, mother and son, brother and sister. There is something of legendary chivalry in men's regard for their womenfolk. Their unswerving loyalty and faithfulness is the rule rather than the exception.

The fabric of life in Salt Lake City—in all Utah, in fact—is a different stuff from that in other cities. But to examine its warp and woof requires a much longer

residence there than that for which I had time.

Certain it is that I was loath to leave Salt Lake City. For to me it possessed an intangible, an indefinable something more truly satisfying than all the material advantages and pleasures to which my return east would restore me. I began to ponder on the possible sources of that distinctive quality of spirit—or spirituality—that, to me, characterizes Salt Lake City. And, I confess, I am still pondering.

It can't be due entirely to the Mormon influence, for those I met who are not Mormons possess that certain quality of spirit equally with those who are. Is it due, then, to the ready accessibility of beauty in the city, on Great Salt Lake, in the canyons of the Wasatch? Is it due to the tranquil, unhurried pace of life? To the leisure for congenial social intercourse . . . for the development of a fuller, richer personal life?

Perhaps it is the combination of all of these separate forces which has wrought the charm.

THIS I believe—out in Utah life is good, is worth living for its own sake; not for its rewards of material gain, fleeting successes, shallow social prestige. All that counts is *what you are*; not what you have nor from what forbears you are sprung. All values—mental, moral, spiritual—are on a different and a higher plane. Life is a precious gift and death a glorious adventure.

During my sojourn in Utah, and ever since my return home, I have asked myself this question: Have not the inhabitants of Utah, and especially those of Salt Lake City, discovered the secret of living?

Whatever the answer, I feel certain in my own mind, that they have achieved a loftier living than we have here, east of the Mississippi.

And as I stand with my perplexities on the brink of frustration, a great warm wave of hope surges up within my harrowed soul. For I see again a beautiful valley between the Wasatch Mountains and Great Salt Lake, and in my heart echoes that exultant cry which issued from the parched lips of Brigham Young:

"This is the place!"



Eagle Gate, Salt Lake City

Clipped Wings

Continued from
page 590

at the look upon it. It was closed, secretive. He was purposely refraining from referring to the plane! Why? They had never had secrets, never kept things back, but now Walter was doing both. He could not have forgotten it. Impossible! When he arose from the table her heart was heavy with foreboding. It was so small a thing, yet upon it she felt something of great moment hung.

All the afternoon she wasted in idle depths of misery. What was the plane doing in the field? What did it mean to Walter? Ah, she had it! The man was a salesman. He had heard of Walter's air-mindedness and was trying to sell him a plane! The thought gave her comfort. She could see to it that he did not buy a plane. There was money enough, to be sure, mostly her own, but it was in the bank in Walter's name. Of course Walter wouldn't draw out the money without her consent, but perhaps he planned to win her consent? She spent the remainder of the afternoon in composing orations on economy and the sound investment of money, to be delivered to Walter upon the occasion she anticipated.

Now she watched for the plane with an anxiety that matched Walter's eagerness. It did not land again, but always swooped over the field where Walter was at work.

It was weeks later, when the wheat was a velvet of green, that the ship landed again. Walter was mending a fence, but he dropped his tools and took the slope in eager strides. Marta had gone running to the barnlot to get a somewhat closer view. She came to an abrupt halt at the gate. Walter was climbing into the empty cockpit of the plane! A moment later they roared over her head and bore toward the east, leaving her clutching the wire meshes of the fence in horrified fascination. Walter—Walter—flying—like this—*secretly*—when he knew how she felt about it. When he knew it frightened her, knew—Her thoughts petered out, dwindled to a small vague blur, like the blue plane in the blue sky was dwindling, slipping away from her. As Walter was slipping away

from her. Oh, he must not—she could not let him go! And if this continued it would surely happen. There would come a day when he would throw over everything for flying. He was like that. Once he had thrown over everything else for her. And then he had given his all to farming, to please her. He had given up pleasure flights for her sake. Then refrained even from visiting the airports. Had even quit taking the air magazines he had once so enjoyed. And now the pendulum was swinging back. Marta was not a fool. She knew that pendulums do swing back; that patient men like Walter do turn, like the much-discussed worm, and that this turning might be disastrous to their happiness.

Marta, standing at the barnyard gate, clenched her fingers and spoke aloud to the spreading acres that she loved. "What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" she pleaded. But the wheat only shuddered under the wind's breath and the new corn blades rippled indifferently. The plane had vanished. Marta shuddered too. Suppose it should crash and Walter— She took a deep, sobbing breath and darted toward the car shed. Her mind was made up. She would drive to the flying field and appeal to the pilot. If she could stop this in time—

She backed the car out, glancing uneasily at the sky as she did so. She must, if possible, arrive ahead of the plane.

THERE was the usual assortment of people and planes at the field. Students going through

their paces, passengers awaiting the next ship, sightseers, vendors, taxis. The blue plane was absent. But not for long. Not three minutes after she halted her car at the edge of the field she saw it approaching. Her heart filled her chest uncomfortably. All the way over she had rehearsed her speech. She would appeal to the man's chivalry by telling him how terribly afraid she was for Walter, and how he must stay by the farm and not be tempted to the point of deserting it and her. If he didn't prove amenable she would see what threats would do! She could forbid his landing on their property. It was as much hers as Walter's.

The blue plane was circling the field, was descending gracefully, was taxiing to a stop not a great distance away. Marta got out of her car. She must go to meet him before he was lost in the crowd or became engaged elsewhere. She made her way along the field's edge, dodging people and cars mechanically, her eyes glued to the plane, watching to see what manner of man she had to deal with. And now the pilot alighted—a petite young woman in white breeches and jacket; a vixenish young woman with blonde hair and a painted mouth! Marta stood stock still and stared, her mission momentarily forgotten. While she looked a fellow pilot, a man this time, strolled out to meet her. The girl took from the pocket of her jacket a powder puff, greeted the man casually and together they sauntered away chatting. Marta did not follow. She did not move at all. She felt draggled and heavy and utterly useless. A woman! She could not appeal to a woman. She could not lay herself open to the scorn of those bold eyes, the ridicule of that painted mouth. She must fight her battle alone.

I Miss You

By Christie Lund

I MISS you when the morning's gold
Spills upon the ground
And forms a pattern fair as dreams
That we never found.

I miss you when the twilight shades
Settle softly down
And mating birds chirp noisily
Along the lanes of town.

I miss you when the evening's peace
Closes 'round the day—
As gently as the arms of one
Who has gone away.

It was twelve o'clock when she reached home. Walter was at the barn when she drove into the yard. She hurried to the house and to a mirror. She looked ghastly. She pinched her cheeks and wet her lips and fluffed her hair, uttering a prayer for courage as she did so. In the kitchen she set out a cold snack with hands that shook, ham and salad and

bread, butter and milk. There was cake and a wedge of pie. Still Walter had not come. To fill the interim she slipped out the door and cut a cluster of roses. She was arranging them on the table, her back purposely to the door, when he entered. She cleared her throat. Her voice had a way of croaking when she was excited.

"I hope you are terribly, terribly hungry so that a cold snack will taste good," she challenged. Had he noticed that hoarse note in her voice?

"I'm that hungry all right."

"I'm glad, because I was a naughty girl and ran away from duty this morning."

"How come?"

"Oh, I guess I felt the call of the great open spaces or something."

"What—time did you leave?" he asked too casually.

Marta told him.

"S'good for you," he declared. "Ought to do it oftener."

"Perhaps I shall," she said, and froze into silence. Walter dreamed on.

SHE sat on at the table after Walter went back to work, gazing, gazing, thinking, thinking. A deadly poison was seeping into their lives, hers and Walter's. All that sweet inner peace was gone and unrest had taken its place. They were being robbed of a spiritual harmony that had so far been theirs. And all because she was being "left out" of this new love of Walter's. Of course it wasn't actually a new love, but a renewing of the old, but it was, anyway, something he did not share with her. "And our married life has been so perfect—so—beautiful." A tear slid down her cheek. She sniffled for a dismal quarter hour, then was possessed of a new thought. She would buy Walter a plane with the money her father had left, have it delivered and present it to him, sweet, self-sacrificing wife that she was. And then what? Would there be any "sharing" in that? When she was out of sympathy with the whole business and could merely stand aside and see him fly away, perhaps with bold little hussies like she saw this morning, powdering and lip-sticking and wearing breeches? She sprang to her feet. "Come, Marta, you were never a fool, but

you're getting lost in the woods mighty fast now. Snap out of it."

She paced the floor with folded arms, back and forth through the cool living room, the sunny dining room, paused by Walter's deep chair, dropped to her knees beside it. "Oh, God, I must have his confidence and comradeship. There must be nothing between us—not flying nor farms nor—anything. Help me to find the way back. Help me, help me!"

She knelt for a long time with her head on the padded arm of the chair, then lifted her head with a gasp. "I—will. I will!" she said aloud. Rising she ran to her bedroom, bathed and dressed hast-

ily, counted her money and drove again to Fowler flying field.

She went at once to a uniformed youth who was vending tickets.

"Flights over the city? Two-fifty, madam." Marta counted out the money, her hands cold and trembling, her heart sick with fear. He gave her a ticket and continued calling his wares up and down the fairway. Marta's courage had been effervescent. If the wait were long she should certainly be unable to bolster it sufficiently. Minutes passed. A plane circled above, spiralling down at a dizzy angle, plunged horribly and rose again. Marta's heart cavorted painfully. A boy came by with a paper. She

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bought a copy, hoping to divert her mind from the ordeal she had set herself. A headline arrested her:

PLANE CRACKS UP AT BENNETT
FIELD. THREE DEAD.

SHE felt suddenly weak and ill. Anybody was a fool to fly! She was a fool, Walter was a fool, the vixenish woman was a fool! Well, let anyone who would be fools, as for Marta, she was going home where there was plenty of ground to walk on—and plenty for fools to fly over, for that matter. She started toward the car. Half way to it she encountered the youth.

"All right, madam, your plane is now ready. Business is dull this trip, so you'll have the whole cabin to yourself. That's the one, where the engine is warming up. Mrs. Beardsley is the pilot."

Marta had opened her mouth to say she had changed her mind, when she got a glimpse of the pilot. Her spine stiffened and she hesitated. There was a faint roar far above their heads. She looked up. Would she—*could* she—go up like that, into the clouds, away from the dear good earth to horrible, goose-fleshy heights? Away from Walter and with nothing to hold to that could not itself crash down? A black wave of nausea swept her.

"This way, lady; the pilot is ready."

Marta looked at the pilot. She was nonchalantly waiting.

MARTA hated her vigorously; hated her for her darling, for her coolness and for her own quaking timidity. She scorned to ride with her. But this was the road to Walter!—and she was following the boy to the plane. She was mounting the steps and taking a seat in the cabin. The door was closing, irrevocably. There was a uniformed young man beside the young woman. They chatted unconcernedly while Marta, feeling that she was riding to a quick and untimely death, clutched the edge of the chair and clenched her teeth. Presently she was aware that the pair were looking at her; that they had exchanged glances; that they were respecting her misery by pretending not to notice. Evidently her worried state of mind had upset her digestion.

There was a sea-sick feeling in the pit of her stomach. There was a disconsolate feeling in the middle of her mind that made her hope that Walter would be properly sorry for having driven her to her death. She hoped they would crash soon and get it over. Anything—just anything at all would be better than this. She closed her eyes in utter resignation. When she opened them again someone was opening the door and a cool draught of fresh air touched her face. Hands were there to help her out. She stepped to the ground—and vomited disgustingly. It was over after a while, and Marta found that her pilot had stood by. She was half sorry she had lived through to such an inglorious end. To crash to death from the sky was one thing. To make a disgusting spectacle of oneself was another. Sudden resolve steadied her. She rose to her feet.

"I want to go up again—now," she said firmly.

"That's the spirit!" Mrs. Beardsley exclaimed. "Not one in a thousand would have the courage. Come on, Bert, we'll make a flyer out of this passenger yet!" Marta colored with pleasure in spite of herself, but her look was grim.

"Now if you'll just relax, Mrs.

"Winters," Marta supplied.

"Just relax, Mrs. Winters, and consider this a lark instead of an ordeal and the battle is half won. Think you can do that?"

"I'll try."

"Good. Now, Bert—"

IT really made a difference. On the second trip she ventured a glance out the window now and then and relaxed her grip on the chair every time she thought of it. After they came down she went into conference with Mrs. Beardsley. When the conference was over she went home with a triumphant look on her face.

It was a strange life the two now led on the farm. Walter had taken another flight in the blue plane, of which he said nothing. And every other afternoon Marta drove off in the car, and of her trips she said nothing. And each was more than a little hurt and withdrawn, and trying not to show it. Walter reasoned that Marta knew about the flights and

if she would show the faintest interest he would gladly make a clean breast, but so long as she acted like this—. And wasn't she doing even worse, running away three times a week, he knew not where? And if she were doing it just to get even, why then maybe they were even at that.

Marta reasoned that Walter knew she took the car and spent every other afternoon away from home, and if he weren't so wrapped up in his own selfish pleasures and interests he would ask her where she went and she would gladly tell him, but since he pretended not to notice and didn't so much as mention it, why—.

One evening as Marta was reading she came upon an item about a well-known woman pilot. "Here's this Miss Redding going out to break men's altitude records. What do you think of women pilots, Walter?"

The answer came quickly. "I think they're top-notch sports," he declared rather more vigorously than Marta enjoyed.

"I guess you're right," she said with a heavy sigh.

The wheat grew tall and ripened, was cut and shocked and threshed. Walter suggested a vacation. Marta was looking pale and thin. Maybe she needed a change, a cooler climate? No, no, she needed nothing of the sort. She was all right. If Walter wanted to go alone? He didn't.

TWO weeks went by, in which Marta became a haggard shadow of her former self. Walter protested. "See here, Marta, you needn't say any more that there's nothing wrong. You've gotten to be a mighty poor sleeper, and you used to sleep like a top. You cry out and jump and grab me like your life depended upon it. Be reasonable, now and—"

"All right, dear, after this week. I do feel a bit seedy."

The plane had not alighted in the field for several weeks. Walter had seen to that. He felt that there was some connection between his stolen flights and the change in Marta. It was then, with some indignation that the next day following this conversation with Marta, he saw the blue plane hovering over the field. Then he noticed it making exceedingly awkward circles; saw it bank steeply,

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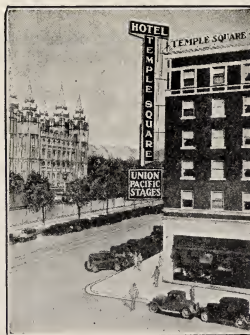
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saw it waver and rise and swoop as if something might be wrong. Or as if a green hand held the stick. And now it was coming down to an awkward, lurching, bumpy landing. His heart stood still. It was by a miracle, it seemed, that the thing did not crash. He found himself taking the slope. The roar of the engine died away and the propeller whirled to a standstill. Surely this could not be Mrs. Beardsley, or else she was ill or something wrong. He recalled her graceful manipulation with pleasure. He hurried in his eagerness to learn the truth, for the wing hid the pilot from view as he approached. But now he came around the wing's tip and saw her. He stopped, his lips parting incredulously.

"Marta!"

She held out her arms to him over the edge of the fuselage, smiling crookedly. His face was white with terror.

"Marta!" His feet took him somehow to her, his arms crushed her to him. "Marta—what—did you—?"

"I learned to fly, Walter, because you liked it so—flying—and lady pilots—" Her mouth was trembling against his. Walter was muttering vehemently beneath his breath, his face still white and twitching. "Get out of this thing!" he commanded. He lifted her gently. She crept against his breast.

"I feel so safe — now," she whispered.

He held her fiercely, his face a mask of agony. They were silent a long while. When he spoke his voice was husky.

"And you've been flying — alone."

"Twice. Right over the farm. I wanted to fall on home ground if I fell."

"But Marta, I thought you were afraid? Did you get over it?"

She did not reply, but shuddered convulsively.

"You are afraid," he accused.

"I'm a coward, Walter. I've tried so hard to become air-minded and courageous for your sake. I wanted to fly with you, but I just can't. I'm terribly, sickeningly, disgustingly afraid! But I won't bind you to the earth any more." She raised her head, indicating the blue ship beside them. "It's yours, if you want it."

"Mine?"

"I've bought it, subject to your approval."

WALTER looked at the coveted plane lovingly. "If he wanted it!" His nostrils dilated hungrily. "Marta, how can I thank you? I can't find words—" He stopped because his voice broke.

"It's all right." Her weary voice went on. "I'm only sorry I can't share it with you. You'll forgive me for being a coward, won't you?"

He did not reply. Perhaps his tightening arms about her limp body was meant for an answer. His face was the face of one in mortal agony.

"Marta, you know I appreciate what you've done, don't you? That I love you for it?"

"Of course, Walter." There was the dead tone of resignation in her voice.

"Then will you understand when I tell you that I can't accept your gift? That I never mean to fly again?"

She lifted her head in startled inquiry.

"But you *did* want to fly?"

"Yes. I've wanted to fly. That's behind. It may return with other springtimes, fleetingly. Once in a blue moon I'll wish I were an aviator. It will be just a phase, for on the whole I'm the happiest and most undeserving man on this green earth. Marta, as God is my witness, I'd rather make you happy than to do or be anything else on earth. And I think I've been failing right famously here of late. To think that I've caused you to risk your precious life to please me! Marta!" He hid his face against her throat.

"Well, sir," she said a few minutes later, "if you refuse to accept my gift I guess I'll have to fly it back."

"Never! Not if it rots on the spot! Marta, you'll never know the hideous, nightmarish feeling I had when I saw you in that plane, and realized it was you who had made that ghastly landing. Never again!"

And Marta echoed heartily, "Never again. I might," she continued roughly, "take up lipsticks if you insist, but I'm off flying for life."

"Lip-sticks?"

THEY laughed together, and Walter had the grace to

blush. "Now that'll be enough from you, Miss. Suppose you trot to the house and phone Fowler field to return one flivver to the farm and fly one blue bird back to the field."

"With pleasure."

Walter watched her down the slope. When she was out of sight behind the barn he turned to caress the long coveted machine. But for only a moment. He walked from it presently and did not look back. He dare not. He was muttering, still only half convinced. "To think of Marta doing that! Bless her! I'd rather make her happy than to fly to heaven. Flying is a dangerous game."

He twitched his shoulders as if they pricked, lifted his head as a faint zooming sounded far above. Then he turned his face resolutely across the stubble. "I'll have to get this stubble turned soon," he murmured, and was entirely unconscious of the broken sigh that escaped him.



Seminary Institute, Moscow, Idaho

Mormons At The University of Idaho

WILLARD JOSEPH WILDE, assistant professor of business administration at the University of Idaho, Moscow, in an interview recently gave out the following statistics which may be of interest to readers of the *Improvement Era*:

Of the approximately 1,900 students of the University 85 belong to the Mormon Church.

Six students were admitted to the Phi Beta Kappa, national fra-

ternity and of these three were Mormons.

Four of the 8 highest honor students in the University (girls) were Mormons.

Three out of 8 of the most representative students were Mormons.

Latter-day Saint boys living in the Institute Building dormitory have ranked highest among the men groups for six consecutive semesters, and second in inter-mural activities.

In the past five years three of the student-body presidents have been Mormons.

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"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a great wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not."—Francis Bacon. (1561-1626)

A PLEA FOR TOLERANCE

A FRIEND sent in a clipping from the Humbolt Times, Eureka, California, from which we quote: "When I was a small boy in Kansas Bill Hearst was baiting the Mormons. Winifred Black * * * was writing the Mormons up as something terrible. It sold papers, I reckon. * * * I heard what a terrible thing the Mormon religion was and so on and so on. Since those 'dear, dam distracted days' I have come in contact with a great many Mormons and I want to say to you I do not know of a more law-abiding and generally moral people anywhere. They are kindly and friendly and decent in every way. A fine example of the Mormons is to be found in Vernon Strong, the popular Boy Scout Executive in Eureka. I have never known a finer chap anywhere." The foregoing is very fine, but this that follows is finer and goes for Mormons as well. "It is too bad we get such ideas of people of other faiths and races than our own. Tolerance is a wonderful thing and it invariably follows understanding if original bias is not too great to be overcome."

1 1 1

KEEP SHOOTING

WE hope that lovers of photography have enjoyed ere this Dr. Walter P. Cottam's article and photographs. Photography may become a fine art, if one will study the principles of composition and the qualities of light and shade and exposure. Dr. Cottam always develops his own negatives for the reason that he knows what quality in them he is seeking. There is much more to taking a good picture than merely pressing a release. Send in your photographs.

1 1 1

"GOLD ON OUR DESERT ISLAND"

UNDER this interesting title Albert Payson Terhune sends forth a little encouragement for authors in "The Writer's Digest" for June. "I think it was Montaigne who said that if ten men were cast on a desert island there would always be one of them who would grow fat, even if nine should starve. In other words, there are always pickings for the man who has the wit and energy to keep on hunting for them. That is true, I think, in the writing game than almost anywhere else. And it is truer today than ever before."

We break a rule to print that in order that we might throw out a bit of comfort to young writers ourselves, for we are tremendously interested in new writers, especially those of our own West.

1 1 1

AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE

POETS of Utah may be interested in knowing that an effort is soon to be made to publish a representative anthology of Utah verse. Some material has already been gathered; other material will be assembled as quick'y as possible. This state has produced a number of poets who are worthy to be remembered in a book of that sort. Competent editors will be engaged to assist in the selection of verse for the book.

You might turn to the review of "Sunlit Peaks," an anthology of Idaho verse, in this issue.

1 1 1

SHE LIKED THE ERA

THE July *Era* is delightful! I particularly like the cover and the illustrations and that lovely poem 'A Sea and

a City,' by Beatrice K. Eckman. * * *

"In my very recent free-lancing work, I have secured copies of practically every 'teen' age and Church magazine in the country, and the *Era* is by far the most superior magazine in point of general appearance, illustrations, and interest."

We're hoping others find the magazine interesting.

1 1 1

SOME OF THE AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

ALLOW us to present: Dr. E. G. Peterson, president of Utah State Agricultural College, a son of pioneers on both sides of the family, and a man who believes in America; Dr. Ray L. Davis, professor of botany, University of Idaho, southern branch—a good scout; Glynn Bennion, son of pioneers, a lover of the West and things western; Cristel Hastings, a lady from California who spends the greater part of her time writing for more than two hundred magazines; Dr. Walter P. Cottom, professor of botany University of Utah, and a well-known photographer—originally from St. George; Ruth Muirhead Berry, of Provo, wife of Raymond A. Berry, a well-known writer of westerns, and herself a charming writer; Florence Hartmann Townsend, of Texas, who has written a number of excellent stories for *The Improvement Era*; Henry A. Smith, a reporter on the staff of the *Deseret News* who has been in attendance at June Conferences for years.

1 1 1

THE ERA "GOOD MEDICINE"

THE Mutual *Improvement Eras* arrived at a time when they were most helpful to me. I was seriously ill and very depressed at that time, but the news contained in the *Era* just cheered me and led me to seek comfort at that Higher Source from which we derive spiritual strength."

—Letter from George M. Hancock, London, England, to Superintendent George Albert Smith.

1 1 1

HE LIKES WAR

CAST my vote for "The Echo Canyon War." That was the statement of a young Salt Lake author who visited the office soon after the July number came from the press. "I think that is a remarkable poem for a lady like President Ruth May Fox to write. Give all my votes to her, even though the other material of the issue is interesting." We complied with his request. How do you feel about it?

1 1 1

OUR ONLY VOTE IN WRITING

I VOTE for "Greatness in Men" as my first choice; "Getting the Most Out of Camping" as my second; "Peace Pipe. Book of Mormon" as my third.

Among the poems I like "Echo Canyon War" best; "Night On Timpanogos" second best.

Signed—Earl Myron Maynard.

1 1 1

THEY KNOW

WILLIAM C. WESSELL, author of "A Hiking We Will Go," is an expert on the subject as is Genevieve W. Granzen, author of "Be Your Own Life Guard." Mr. Wessell is connected with the national office Boy Scouts of America.

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